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THE LURE of the MASK

BY HAROLD MAC GRATH

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CHAPTER II.

Object, Matrimony.

Winter fogs in New York are never quite so intolerable as their counterparts in London; and while their frequency is a matter of complaint, their duration is seldom of any length. So, by the morrow a strong wind from the west had winnowed the skies and cleared the sun. There was an exhilarating tingle of frost in the air and a visible rime on the windows. Hillard, having breakfasted lightly, was standing with his back to the grate in the cozy breakfastroom. He was in boots and breeches and otherwise warmly clad, and freshly shaven. He rocked on his heels and toes, and ran his palm over his blue-white chin in search of a possible slip of the razor.

Giovanni came in to announce that he had telephoned, and that the signore's brown mare would be at the park entrance precisely at half-after eight. Giovanni still marveled over this wonderful voice which came out of nowhere, but he was no longer afraid of it. The curiosity which is innate and childlike in all Latins soon overcame his dark superstitions. He was an ardent Catholic and believed that a few miracles should be left in the hands of God. The telephone had now become a kind of plaything, and Hillard often found him in front of it, patiently waiting for the bell to ring.

The facility with which Giovanni had mastered English amazed his teacher and master; but now he needed no more lessons, the two when alone together spoke Giovanni's tongue; Hillard, because he loved it, and Giovanni because the cook spoke it badly and the English butler not at all.

"You have made up your mind to go, then, amico?" said Hillard.

"Yes, signore."

"Well, I shall miss you. To whom shall I talk the tongue I love so well, when Giovanni is gone?" with a lightness he did not feel. Hillard had grown very fond of the old Roman in these seven years.

"Whenever the signore goes to Italia he shall find me. It needs but a word to bring me to him. The signore will pardon me, but he is like—like a son."

"Thanks, Giovanni. By the way, did you hear a woman singing in the street last night?"

"Yes. At first—" Giovanni hesitated. "Ah, but that could not be, Giovanni; that could not be."

"No, it could not be. But she sang well!" the old servant ventured.

"So thought I. I even ran out into the street to find out who she was; but she vanished like the lady in the conjurer's trick. But it seemed to me that, while she sang in Italian, she herself was not wholly of that race."

"Buonissima!" Giovanni struck a noiseless brava with his hands. "Have I not always said that the signore's ears are as sharp as my own? No; the voice was very beautiful, but it was not truly Roman. It was more like they talk in Venice. And yet the sound of the voice decided me. The hills have always been calling to me; and I must answer."

"And the unforgetting carabinieri?"

"Oh, I must take my chance," with the air of a fatalist.

"What shall you do?"

"I have my two hands, signore. Besides, the signore has said it; I am rich." Giovanni permitted a smile to stir his thin lips. "Yes, I must go back. Your people have been good to me and have legally made me one of them but my heart is never here. It is always so cold and every one moves so quickly. You can not lie down in the sun. Your police, bah! They beat you on the feet. You remember when I fell asleep on the steps of the cathedral? They thought I was drunk, and would have arrested me!"

"Everybody must keep moving here; it is the penalty of being rich."

"And I am lonesome for my kind. I have nothing in common with these herds of Sicilians and Neapolitans who pour into the streets from the wharves." Giovanni spoke scornfully.

"Yet in war time the Neapolitans sheltered your pope."

"Vanity! They wished to make an impression on the rest of the world. It is dull here, besides. There is no joy in the shops. I am lost in these great palaces. The festa is lacking. Nobody bargains; nobody sees the proprietor; you find your way to the streets alone. The butcher says that his meat is so-and-so, and you pay; the grocer marks his tins such-and-such, and you do not question; and the baker says that, and you pay, pay, pay! What? I need a collar; it is quindici—fifteen you say! I offer quattordici. I would give interest to the sale. But no! The collar goes back into the box. I pay quindici, or I go without. It is the same everywhere; very dull, dead, lifeless."

Hillard was moved to laughter. He very well understood the old man's lament. Italy, if there is one thing more than another that pleases the native it is to make believe to himself that he has got the better of a bargain. A shrewd purchase enlivens the whole day; it is talked about, laughed over and becomes the history of the day that Tomass', or Pietro, or Paol, or whatever his name may be, has bested the merchant out of some twenty centesimi.

"And the cook and the butler," concluded Giovanna; "we do not get on well."

"It is because they are in mortal fear of you, you brigand! Well, my coat and cap."

Hillard presently left the house and hailed a Fifth Avenue omnibus. He looked with negative interest at the advertisements, at the people in the streets, at his fellow-travelers. One of these was hidden behind his morning paper. Personals. Hillard squirmed a little. The world never holds very much romance in the sober morning. What a stupid piece of folly! The idea of his sending that personal inquiry to the paper! Tomorrow he would see it sandwiched in between samples of shop-girl romance, questionable intrigues, and divers search-warrants. Ye gods! "Will the blonde who smiled at gentleman in blue serge, elevated train, Tuesday, meet same in park? Object, matrimony." Hillard fidgeted. "Young man known as Adonis would adore stout elderly lady, independently situated. Object, matrimony." Pish! "Girlie. Can't keep appointment tonight. Willie." Tush! "A French widow of eighteen, unencumbered," and so forth and so on. Rot, bally rot; and here he was on the way to join them! "Will the lady who sang from Madame Angot communicate with gentleman who leaned out of the window? J. H. Burgomaster Club." Positively asinine! The man opposite folded the paper and stuffed it into his pocket, and its disappearance relieved Hillard somewhat.

There was scarce one chance in a thousand of the mysterious singer's seeing the inquiry, not one in ten thousand of her answering it. And the folly of giving his club address! That would look very dignified in yonder agony column! And then he brightened. He could withdraw it; and he would do so the very first thing when he went down-town to the office. "Object, matrimony!" If the woman saw it she would only laugh. It was all a decent woman could do. And certainly the woman of the past night's adventure was of high degree, educated; and doubtless the spirit which had prompted the song was as inexplicable to her this morning as it had been to him last night. He had lost none of the desire to meet her, but reason made it plain to him that a meeting could not possibly be arranged through any personal column in the newspaper. He would cancel the thing.

He dropped from the omnibus at the park entrance, where he found his restive mare. He gave her a lump of sugar and climbed into the saddle. He directed the groom to return for the horse at ten o'clock, then headed for the bridle-path. It was heavy, but the air was so keen and bracing that neither the man nor the horse worried about the going. There were a dozen or so early riders besides himself, and in and out the winding path they passed and repassed, walking, trotting, cantering. Only one party attracted him; a riding master and a trio of brokers who were verging on embonpoint, and were desperate and looked it. They stood in a fair way of losing several pounds that morning. A good rider always smiles at the sight of a poor one, when a little retrospection should make him rather pitying. Hillard went on. The park was not lovely; the trees were barren, the grass yellow and sodden, and here and there were grimy cakes of unmelted snow.

"She is so innocent, so youthful!"

He found himself humming the refrain over and over. She had sung it with abandon, tenderness, lightness. For one glimpse of her face! He took the rise and dip which followed. Perhaps a hundred yards ahead a solitary woman cantered easily along. Hillard had not seen her before. He spurred forward, only faintly curious. She proved to be a total stranger. There was nothing familiar to his eye in her figure, which was charming. She rode well. As he drew nearer he saw that she wore a heavy grey veil. And this veil hid everything but the single flash of a pair of eyes the color of which defied him. Then he looked at her mount. Ha! there was only one rangy black with a white throat; from the Sandford stables, he was positive. But the Sandfords were at this moment in Cairo, so it signified nothing. There is always some one ready to exercise your horses, if they happen to be showy ones. He looked again at the rider; the flash of the eyes was not repeated; so his interest vanished, and he urged the mare into a sharp run. Twice in the course of the ride he passed her, but her head never turned. He knew it did not because he turned to see.

So he went back to his tentative romance. She had passed his window and disappeared into the fog, and there was a reasonable doubt of her ever returning from it. The Singer in the Fog; thus he would write it down in his book of memories and sensibly turn the page. Once down-town he would countermand his order, and that would be the end of it. At length he came back to the entrance and surrendered the mare. He was about to cross the square, when he was hailed.

"Hello, Jack! I say, Hillard!" He, too, was in riding-breeches.

"Why, Dan, glad to see you. Were you in the park?"

"Riverside. Beastly cold, too. Come into the Plaza and join me in a cup of good coffee."

"Had breakfast long ago, boy."

"Oh, just one cup! I'm lonesome."

"That's no inducement; but I'll join you," replied Hillard cheerfully.

The two entered the cafe, sat down, and Merrihew ordered Mocha.

"How are you behaving yourself these days?" asked Merrihew. He drank more coffee and smoked more cigars than were good for him. He was always going to start in next week to reduce the quantity.

"My habits are always exemplary," answered Hillard. "But yours?"

Merrihew's face lengthened. He pulled the yellow hair out of his eyes and gulped his coffee.

"Kitty Killigrew leaves in two weeks for Europe."

"And who the deuce is Kitty Killigrew?" demanded Hillard.

"What?" reproachfully. "You haven't heard of Kitty Killigrew in The Modern Maid? Where've you been? Pippin! Prettiest soubrette that's hit the town in a dog's age."

"I say, Dan, don't you ever tire of that sort? I can't recall when there wasn't a Kitty Killigrew. What's the attraction?" Hillard waved aside the big black cigar. "No heavy tobacco for me in the morning. What's the attraction?"

Merrihew touched off a match, applied it to the black cigar, took the cigar from his teeth and inspected the glowing end critically. He never failed to go through this absurd pantomime; he would miss a train rather than omit it.

"The truth is, Jack, I'm a jackass half the time. I can't get away from the glamour of the footlights. I'm no Johnny; you know that. No hanging round stage entrances and buying wine and diamonds. I might be reckless enough to buy a bunch of roses, when I'm not broke. But I like 'em, the bright ones. They keep a fellow amused. Most of 'em speak good English and come from better families than you would suppose. Just good fellowship, you know; maybe a rabbit and a bottle of beer after the performance, or a little quarter limit at the apartment, singing and good stories. What you've in mind is the chorus-lady. Not for mine!"

Hillard laughed, recalling his conversation with the policeman.

"Go on," he said; "and get it all out of your system, now that you're started."

"And then it tickles a fellow's vanity to be seen with them at the restaurants. That's the way it begins, you know. I'll be perfectly frank with you. If it wasn't for what the other fellows say, most of the chorus-ladies would go hungry. And the girls that you and I know think I'm a devil of a fellow, wicked but interesting, and all that."

Hillard's laughter broke forth again and he leaned back. Merrihew would always be 26, he would always be youthful.

"And this Kitty Killigrew? I believe I've seen posters of her in the windows, now that you speak of it."

"Well, Jack, I've got it bad this trip. I offered to marry her last night."

"What!"

"Truth. And what do you think? Dropped me very neatly two thousand feet, but softly. And I was serious, too."

"It seems to me that your Kitty is not half bad. What would you have done had she accepted you?"

"Married her within twenty-four hours!"

"Come, Dan, be sensible. You are not such an ass as all that."

"Yes, I am," moodily. "I told you that I was a jackass half the time; this is the half."

"But she won't have you?"

"Not for love or money."

"Are you sure about the money?" asked Hillard shrewdly.

"Seven hundred or seven thousand, it wouldn't matter to Kitty if she made up her mind to marry a fellow. What's the matter with me, anyhow? I'm not so badly set-up; I can whip any man in the club at my weight; I can tell a story well; and I'm not afraid of anything."

"Not even of the future!" added Hillard.

"Do you really think it's my money?" pathetically.

"Well, seven thousand doesn't go far, and that's all you have. If it were seventy, now, I'm not sure Kitty wouldn't reconsider."

Merrihew ran his tongue along the cigar wrapper which had loosened. He had seven thousand a year, and every January first saw him shouldering a thousand odd dollars' worth of last year's debt. Somehow, no matter how he retrenched, he never could catch up. It's hard to pay for a horse after one has ridden it to death, and Merrihew was always paying for dead horses. He sighed.

"What's she like?" asked Hillard, with more sympathy than curiosity.

Merrihew drew out his watch and opened the case. It was a pretty face; more than that, it was a refined prettiness. The eyes were merry, the brow was intelligent, the nose and chin were good. Altogether, it was the face of a merry, kindly little soul, one such as would be most likely to trap the wandering fancy of a young man like Merrihew.

"And she won't have you," Hillard repeated, this time with more curiosity than sympathy.

"Oh, she's no fool, I suppose. Honest Injun, Jack, it's so bad that I find myself writing poetry on the backs of envelopes. And now she's going to Europe!"

"London?"

"No. Some manager has the idea in his head that there is money to be made in Italy and Germany during the spring and summer. American comic opera in those countries; can you imagine it? He has an angel, and I suppose money is no object."

"This angel, then, has cut out a fine time for his bank account, and he'll never get back to heaven, once he gets tangled up in foreign red-tape. Every large city in Italy and Germany has practically its own opera troupe. In full season it is grand opera, out of season it is comic opera, not the American kind; Martha, The Bohemian Girl, The Mascotte, The Grand Duchess, and the like. And oh! my boy, the homeliest chorus you ever dreamed of seeing; but they can sing. It's only the ballering who must have looks and figure. Poor angel! Tell your Kitty to strike for a return ticket to America before she leaves."

"You think it's as bad as that?"

"Look on me as a prophet of evil, if you like, but truthful."

"I'll see that Kitty gets her ticket." Merrihew snapped the case of his watch and drew his legs from under the table. "I lost a hundred last night, too."

"After that I suppose nothing worse can happen," said Hillard cheerily. "You will play, for all my advice."

"It's better to give than receive . . . that," replied Merrihew philosophically. "I've a good mind to follow the company. I've always had a hankering to beat it up at Monte Carlo. A last throw, eh? Win or lose, and quit. I might."

"And then again you mightn't. But the next time I go to Italy, I want you to go with me. You're good company, and for the pleasure of listening to your jokes I'll gladly foot the bills, and you may gamble your letter of credit to your heart's content. I must be off. Who is riding the Sandfords' black?"

"Haven't noticed. What do you think of Kitty?"

"Charming."

"And the photo isn't a marker."

"Possibly not."

"Lord, if I could only hibernate for three months, like a bear! My capital might then readjust itself, if left alone that length of time. Jack, why the deuce haven't I a relation I never heard of, who would politely die tomorrow and leave me that beggarly thousand? I'm not asking for much. The harder I chase it, the faster it runs ahead." Merrihew thwacked his boots soundly with his crop. "Some day I'm going to enter that thousand in the Suburban handicap. And won't there be a killing!"

"It wouldn't do you any good to borrow it?"

"In that case I should owe two thousand instead of one. No thank you. Shall I see you at the club tonight?"

"Perhaps. Good-by."

They nodded pleasantly and took their separate ways. Merrihew stood very high in Hillard's regard. He was a lovable fellow, and there was something kindred in his soul and Hillard's, possibly the spirit of romance. They had met years before, at a commencement, Merrihew in his mortar board and gown and Hillard as an old graduate, renewing his youth at the fountains. What drew them together, perhaps more than anything else, was their mutual love of out-door pleasures. Their first meeting was followed by many hunting and fishing expeditions, and many long rides on horseback. Take two men and put them on good horses, send them forth into the wilds to face all conditions of weather and inconveniences, and if they are not fast friends at the end of the journey, rest assured that they never will be.

For all his aversion to cards, there was a bit of the gamester in Hillard; as, once in his office, he decided on the fall of a coin not to withdraw his personal from the paper. He was quite positive that he would never hear that Voice again, but having thrown his dice he would let them lie.

Now, at eleven o'clock that same morning two distinguished Italians sat down to breakfast in one of the fashionable hotels. The one nor the other had ever heard of Hillard, they did not even know that such a person existed; and yet, serenely unconscious one was casting his life-line, as the palmist would say, across Hillard's The knots and tangles were to come later.

"The coffee in this country is abominable!" growled one.

"Insufferable!" assented his companion.

The waiter smiled covertly behind his hand. He had a smattering of all tongues, being foreign born. These Italians and these Germans! Why, there is only one place in the world where both the aroma and the flavor of coffee are preserved; and it is not, decidedly not, in Italy or Germany. And if his tip exceeded ten cents, he would be vastly surprised. The Italian is always the same, prince or peasant. He never wastes on necessities a penny which can be applied to the gaming-tables. And these two were talking about Monte Carlo and Ostend and the German Kursaalen.

The younger of the two was a very handsome man, tall, slender and nervous, the Venetian type. His black eyes were keen and energetic and roving, suggesting a temper less calculating than hasty. The mouth, partly hidden under a graceful military mustache, was thin-lipped, the mouth of a man who, however great his vices, was always master of them. From his right cheek-bone to the corner of his mouth ran a scar, very well healed. Instead of detracting from the beauty of his face it added a peculiar fascination. And the American imagination, always receptive of the romantic, might readily and forgivably have pictured villas, maids in durance vile, and sword-thrusts under the moonlight. But the waiter, who had served his time in one or another of the foreign armies knew that no foil or rapier could have made such a scar; more probably the saber. For the Italian officer on horseback is the maddest of all men, and in the spirit of play courts hazards that another man might sensibly avoid in actual warfare.

His companion was less handsome but equally picturesque. His white head and iron-grey beard placed him outside the active army. He wore in his buttonhole a tiny bow of ribbon, the usual badge of the foreign service.

"I'm afraid, Enrico, that you have brought me to America on a useless adventure," said the diplomat, lighting a thin, strong cigarette.

"She is here in New York, and I shall find her. I must have money, must! I owe you the incredible amount of one hundred thousand lire. There are millions under my hand, and I can not touch a penny."

"Do not let your debt to me worry you."

"You are so very good, Giuseppe!"

"Have we not grown up together? Sometimes I think I am partly to blame for your extravagance. But a friend is a friend, or he is not."

"But he who borrows from his friend loses him. Observe how I am placed! It is maddening. I have had a dozen opportunities to marry riches. This millstone is eternally round my neck. I have gone through my part of the fortune which was left us independently. She has all of hers, and that is why she is so strong. I am absolutely helpless."

"Poor friend! These American women! They all believe that a man must have no poccadinos, once he had signed the marriage contract. Body of Bacchus! the sacrament does not make a man less human than he was before. But this one is clever. She might be Italian born."

"Her mother was Italian. It is the schooling in this country that has made her so clever. The only thing Italian about her is her hatred. She is my country woman there. Without her consent I can touch nothing; and if I divorce her, pouff! all goes to the State. Sometimes I long to get my two hands round her white throat. One mistake one little mistake! I am willing to swear that she loved me in the beginning. And I was a fool not to profit by this sentiment. Give me patience patience. If I say to her, so much and you may have your freedom, there is always that cursed will. The crown of Italy will never withdraw its hand no. With his wife's family on his hands, especially her brother, the king will never waive his rights."

"Zut! softly, softly!"

"Oh, I speak with no disrespect. But let me find her."

"I doubt it. And remember, we have but ten days."

"We shall not find time heavy. I know a few rich butchers and grocers who call themselvs the aristocracy."

They laughed.

"And some of them play bridge and ecarte."

The diplomat jingled his keys. He was not averse to adding a few gold pieces to his purse.

"I have followed her step by step to the boat at Naples. She is here. She is not so inconspicuous that she will be hard to find. She has wealthy friends, and from these I shall learn her whereabouts."

"You say she is beautiful; I would that I had seen her."

"Yes, she is beautiful; and a beautiful woman can not hide, even in a city so big and noisy as this. Think of it! Chateaux and villas and splendid rents, all waiting to be gormandized by the State! I have lied to her, I have humiliated myself, I have offered all the reparation a gentleman possibly could. Nothing, nothing! She knows; it is money, and she knows it is money. The American native shrewdness! My father was a fool and so was hers. And on July first comes the end! Let us get out into the air before I become excited and forget where I am."

"As you wish, amico." The diplomat beckoned to the waiter.

The waiter stepped forward with the coats and hats. His tip was exactly ten cents, and out of this the head waiter must have his percentage.

Three nights later, as Hillard and Merrihew were dining together at the club, the steward came into the grill-room and swept his placid eye over the groups of diners. Singling out Hillard, he came solemnly down to the corner table and laid a blue letter at the side of Hillard's plate.

"I did not see you when you came in, sir," said the steward, his voice as solemn as his step. "The letter arrived yesterday."

"Thank you, Thomas." With no small difficulty Hillard composed his face and repressed the eagerness in his eyes. She had seen, she has written, the letter lay under his hand! Who said that romance had taken flight? True, the reading of the letter might disillusion him; but always would there be that vision and the voice coming out of the fog. Nonchalantly he turned the letter face downward and went on with the meal.

"I did not know your mail came to the club," said Merrihew.

"It doesn't. Only rarely a letter drifts this way."

"Well, go on and read it; don't let me keep you from it. Some charmer, I'll wager. Here I pour all my adventures into your ear, and I on my side never so much as get a hint of yours. Go on, read it."

"Adventures, fiddlesticks! The letter can wait. It is probably a bill."

"A bill in a fashionable envelope like that?"

Hillard only smiled, tipped the cradle and refilled Merrihew's glass with some excellent Romanee Conti. "When does Kitty sail?" he asked, after a while of silence.

"A week from this Saturday, February second. What the deuce did you bring up that for? I've been trying to forget it."

"Where do they land?"

"Naples. They open in Rome the first week in March. All the arrangements and bookings seem to be complete. This is mighty good Burgundy, Jack. I don't see where you pick it up." After coffee Merrihew pushed back his chair. "I'll reserve a table in the billiard room while you read your letter."

"I'll be with you shortly," gratefully.

So, with the inevitable black cigar between his teeth, Merrihew sauntered off toward the billiard room, while Hillard picked up his letter and studied it. His fingers trembled slightly as he tore open the envelope. The handwriting, the paper, the modest size, all these pointed to a woman of culture and refinement. But a subtle spirit of irony pervaded it all. She would never have answered his printed inquiry had she not laughed over it. For, pinned to the top of the letter was the clipping, the stupid, banal clipping—"Will the lady who sang from Madame Angot communicate with gentleman who leaned out of the window? J. H. Burgomaster Club." There was neither a formal beginning nor a fomal ending; only four crisp lines. But these implied one thing, and distinctly; the writer had no desire for further communication "with gentleman who leaned out the window." He read and re-read slowly.

"I am sorry to learn that my singing disturbed you. There was a reason. At that particular moment I was happy."

That was all. It was enough. She had laughed; she was a lady humorously inclined, not to say mischievous. A comic opera star would have sent her press agent around to see what advertising could be got out of the incident; a prima donna would have appealed to her primo tenore, for the same purpose. A gentlewoman, surely; moreover, she lived within the radius, the official radius of the Madison Square branch of the postoffice, for such was the postmark. Common sense urged him to dismiss the whole affair and laugh over it as the Lady in the Fog had done. But common sense often goes about with a pedant's strut, and is something to avoid on occasions. Here was a harmless pastime to pursue, common sense notwithstanding. The vein of romance in him was strong, and all the commercial blood of his father could not subjugate it. To find out who she was, to meet her, to know her, if possible, this was his final determination. He rang for paper and a messenger and wrote: "Madame Angot. There is a letter for you in the mail department of this office." This time his initials were not necessary. Once the message was on its way, he sought Merrihew, whom he found knocking the balls about in a spiritless manner.

"A hundred to seventy-five, Dan."

"For what?"

"For the mere fun of the game, of course."

"Make it cigars, just to add interest."

"Cigars, then."

But they both played a very indifferent game. At ten-thirty Merrihew's eyes began to haunt the clock, and Hillard grew merciful for various reasons.

"What time does the performance end?" he asked.

"At ten-fifty, but it takes about twenty minutes to scrape off the make-up."

"Run along then, my son; I can spare you. And you've a cigar coming."

Merrihew agreeably put his cue in the rack.

"Much obliged for my dinner, Jack. I'll return the favor any night you say." He made off for the coat room.

Hillard laughed, and went up to the writing room to fulfil a part of his destiny. He took the letter out and read it again. A woman of wit and presence; a mighty good dinner companion, or he was no judge of women. He replaced the letter in its blue covering, and then for the first time his eye met the superscription. Like a man entranced he sat there staring. The steward had brought the letter to him, and in his first excitement this had made no impression upon his mind; he had seen nothing peculiar nor strange. And here it was, not his initials, but his name in full.

She knew who he was!

(To Be Continued.)

LIEUT. PEARY'S OWN STORY OF POLAR CONQUEST

How Perseverence, Combined With Experience, Conquered All Obstacles, and a Man's Life Ambition Led Him to the Top of the World.

I HAVE always been proud that I was born an American, but never so proud as when on that biting, sunlit Arctic day I saw the Stars and Stripes waving at the apex of the earth, and told myself that an American had set 'Old Glory' there."

Thus, in a simple, yet touchingly patriotic spirit, Commander Robert E. Peary begins his much-heralded dollar-and-twenty-cents-a-word story of the conquest of the North Pole in the January number of Hampton's Magazine. "As I watched it fluttering in the crisp air of the Pole," Peary writes, "I thought of the 23 years of my own life which had been spent in laboring toward that goal, and realized that at last I had made good; that I could now lay at the feet of my country a trophy which the greatest nations of the world had been struggling to attain for nearly 400 years.

"There have been times during the last 15 years when I feared that I might never achieve the purpose which had become the dominating idea of my existence. But on the 6th day of April, 1909, all memory of those moments of depression disappeared in the fierce surge of emotion with which I recognized that at last, at last! I had won the peerless prize, and justified myself to those who had believed in me all these years—those who had helped me not only with their money but with their unswerving faith and loyalty. Though I could not take them with me to the Pole, the thought of them was in my heart that day."

Just what one's sensations must be at that most northerly point of the earth, on the very roof of the planet, where every direction is south, has been a subject of much interest and discussion. Since Commander Peary returned from the north last September there has been an increasing interest in his own account of his journey to the North Pole. Until his records had been examined and his claims verified by the National Geographic society Peary refused to lecture or do any writing whatever. That done, and a gold medal awarded him, Peary considered offers for his story, accepting that of Hampton's.

What Peary Felt at the Pole.

"If it were possible for a man to arrive at 90 deg. north latitude without being utterly exhausted, body and brain," Peary declares, "a series of unique sensations and thoughts would no doubt be experienced, but the attainment of the Pole was the culmination of days and weeks of forced marches, physical discomfort, insufficient sleep and racking anxiety. There is a wise provision of nature that the human consciousness can grasp only such degree of intense feeling as the brain can endure, and the grim guardians of the earth's remotest place will accept no man as a guest until he has been tried and tested by the severest ordeals.

"My most overpowering desire," the commander continues to relate, "when I knew for a certainty that I had reached my goal, was for a little rest, but after two or three hours of absolutely fatigue-impelled sleep, a state of mental exaltation made further rest impossible."

Rarely has the achievement of an explorer equalled in importance and dramtic interest that of Commander Peary when he placed the Stars and Stripes at the North Pole. The full significance and historic value of this feat, which Ex-President Roosevelt has declared "one of the great feats of the ages," can hardly be fully appreciated by the people of an age in which Peary is living. Yet one can fairly gauge the thrilling import of Peary's work and the account of it when it considers what the world would give today for Columbus' own story of his discovery. When we contemplate with what interest we should read that explorer's own narrative of his voyage, his amazing discovery, with the novel impressions the new land with its copper-hued denizens made upon him, and when we further estimate how much more difficult was Peary's quarter century of labor toward his goal, how much more fraught with danger, hardship, suffering and bristling adventure were his journeys into the Arctic, then, probably, we can measure, in some way, the historic discovery, the account of which Peary has begun.

Most discoverers have left their stories to historians to tell and the result, too often, has been inaccuracy or mere romancing. Peary is telling his own story, so that generations hence our children will be able to read it in his own words. And by the veracious record of photographs they will see Peary's laborious struggle over broken ice, witness the ferrying of leads—those cold, swift-flowing rivers of the north—on ice floes, and thrill at the final drama of the dash for the Pole. Supplementing Peary's narrative is the story of the camera. For the first time the initial series selected from the 1,500 photographs taken by Peary are published in the current number of Hampton's, by whose courtesy a number are reproduced herewith.

In the accompanying photograph one can see the flag flying from a great ice pinnacle at the very Pole itself. As some one has said, the flag at this spot marks not only the courage, the valor, the bravery and persistence of American spirit, but sympolizes also the unconquerable spirit of man.

Peary at the Pole.

Commander Peary writes of his arrival at the North Pole as follows:

"For more than a score of years that mathematical point on the earth's surface had been the object of my every effort. To attain it I had dedicated my whole being, physical, mental, and moral; had risked my life a hundred times and the lives of those who had been glad to take the chances with me; had given all my own money and the money of my friends. This last journey was my eighth into the Arctic. I had spent in those regions nearly 12 years out of the 23 between my 30th and my 53rd year, and the intervening time which I had spent in civilization during that period had been mainly occupied with preparations for Arctic journeys.

"Had my faith in my own mission been less intense, I could hardly have overriden the obstacles which fate has placed in my path. Though I realized while at the Pole that I was, perhaps, missing some sensation which I ought to have, my brain was teeming with thoughts.

"We arrived at the Pole at 10 o'clock in the morning of April 6th, and we left there about 4 o'clock in the afternoon of April 7th. Only by our watches, of course, could we distinguish the morning from the afternoon, as the sun at that point swings round and round the heavens at a certain altitude, and it is always daylight at that season of the year.

"During those 30 hours at the Pole I made the necessary observations for

Continued on Page 3, First Column.

HOT DISPUTE IN OKLAHOMA OVER AUTHOR OF HAMLET

Guthrie, Okla., Dec. 31.—Oklahoma Baconians—and they are as strong as mustard in this new commonwealth—are holding their breath in anticipation of the promised discovery of the crypt containing the chest of manuscripts that will prove indisputably that Lord Bacon wrote the plays and poems imputed to William Shakespeare, and, also, the plays of Greene, Marlowe and Peele, Spenser's Fairy Queen, Montaigne's Essays—in fact, about all the Elizabethan age produced worth reading. The attention of the Oklahoma Baconians is held by the journeying of Dr. William Owen, of Detroit, and a number of American companions to England to open this mysterious crypt.

The most devout believer in the Baconian theory in Oklahoma is F. C. Hunt, a Guthrie lawyer. Hunt is fuller of Baconian arguments that a blackberry patch is of brambles, and has long been a regular contributor to Baconiana, London, the official organ of the Bacon society.

Last November Hunt received a personal letter from Samuel S. Smedley, editor of Baconiana, in which Smedley said a wonderful discovery was shortly to be announced—Oliver Lector, the pen name of the unknown author who wrote a unique book, Letters from the Dead to the Dead," was preparing to open a crypt in the presence of a number of Baconians in which would be found documentary proof of Bacon's having written the plays and poems of Shakespeare, together with the plays of other English dramatists.

Mr. Smedley assured Hunt that an important discovery already had been made in the finding of a buried chest that had been concealed by Bacon. When Hunt learned lately that Dr Owen was a member of the party in search of the second chest his enthusiasm began to lapse.

The Baconians not only in Oklahoma, but elsewhere in the United States and in Europe, have been entertained and perplexed by C. G. Horner, a Guthrie lawyer of literary attainment. Horner is orthodox and believes firmly that Shakespeare wrote the plays and poems bearing his name. As a tour de force, however, he banteringly wrote a number of essays on plays and poems of Shakespeare from the standpoint of a Baconian. His contributions were so unusual, so new to Baconians and so convincing to them that two, written at length, were asked for and printed in Baconiana.

Hornor immediately was invited to become a member of the Bacon society, asked to attend the annual dinner in London, and received letters from a number of persons in Europe, distinguished in letters, expressing their admiration of his "discoveries." Horner grieved and disappointed these Baconians by writing that he regarded his articles as "fanciful or even trivial," and that after each new argument in favor of Bacon he returned with the Scotch verdict—"not proven."

From the Baconian standpoint something has been achieved when disclosures that are "highly suggestive" or "deeply significant" are made. Hornor figuratively made a voyage in which he pointed out promontories, peaks, and indentations of coast that had not been charted by Baconians.

In his "A Piece of Tender Air," Baconiana, October, 1907, he began with Shakespeare's calling his own thought "slight as air," in sonnet 45 and then passed to Cymbeline, in which Imogen is described as "a piece of tender air," and assumes with reasoning that the word Imogen was taken from the word "imagination," and personifies the author's art, or thought, or poesy. In the play Imogen wanders away, is lost, and supposed to be dead, the same being true of Perdita and Mariana, all of whom are finally restored.

TAVERNAY

A TALE of THE RED TERROR

by Burton E Stevenson

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CHAPTER V.

I Make My Confession.

I looked blindly about the room, with M. le Comte's words ringing in my brain, and for a moment I did not see her. Then my eyes found her where she stood in the embrasure of a window, half-concealed by the draperies. She was gazing out across the garden at the rising moon and she did not hear my approach until I had come quite near; then she looked up at me with a glance so soft, so caressing, that my heart leaped with a sudden suffocating rapture.

"Oh, it is you," she said, and passed her hand hastily before her eyes. "I was not expecting you so soon."

"The wine had no attractions for either M. le Comte or myself," I answered, a little hoarsely, "I have come to claim your promise."

Without replying, she drew aside the curtain and stepped through the window upon a gravelled walk. I followed her with pulse throbbing strangely. Madame had consented, then—I had scarcely dared hope it. But the whole adventure had about it something so strange, so unusual, that I had long since ceased to wonder at it or to try to understand it. That Madame should consent, almost as if we were betrothed, as if all this were a family arrangement—and then my heart grew chill at thought of the task that lay before me. For I knew that this was the last time that I should ever walk in this garden, or in any garden with this sweet woman at my side.

The yellow moon was just peeping over the tree-tops to the east, and a soft breeze stirred the leaves upon the branches. Somewhere in the distance, a thrush was calling to its mate. The night seemed made for love.

Still without speaking, she led the way along the path, past the old tower, to a seat of marble gleaming white amid a setting of evergreens.

"Now I am ready to hear you, monsieur," she said, and sank into one corner of the seat.

I took a turn up and down the path to compose myself somewhat, to quiet the painful throbbing of my heart. How I longed to sit there beside her, to whisper in her ear, to tell her——

"Mademoiselle," I began, finally, pausing before her, "believe me, it is not an easy task which I have set myself; nor one which I would choose to face could it be shirked with honor. But since I must face it—since there is no other way—I shall try to do so with such courage as I possess."

"A most disconcerting preamble," she commented. "I tremble at what will follow. If it is so formidable, perhaps, after all, you would better take M. le Comte for your confidant."

"M. le Comte has no concern in it."

"And I have?" she asked, looking at me quickly, with a little shrinking of alarm.

"Indirectly—yes."

"Oh," she said, with a breath of relief. "Extremely indirectly, I should say!"

"Besides," I added, "I wish you to advise me—and your advice will be worth much more to me than M. le Comte's or any other's."

"Thank you. Although that sounds somewhat as if it were a continuation of the riddle. Pray continue."

"It is necessary that I should go back a little," I explained. "Thirty years ago, my father made a pilgrimage to Mont Saint-Michel to discharge a vow. As he approached the rock across the sands, he was suddenly conscious that his horse was having difficulty in proceeding. In a moment more, the horse had sunk to his belly, and my father preceived that he had blundered into a quick-sand. He flung himself from the saddle, and abandoning the beat to its fate—which, indeed, nothing could have averted—endeavored to make his way back to solid ground. He sank to his ankles, to his knees, to his waist. His struggles to escape served only to entangle him more deeply until, at last, seeing them in vain, he set himself to await the end courageously. He glanced around over the sands to make sure that there was no help in sight, then he set himself with his face toward the cross above the rock and commended is soul to God.

"But the moment he ceased to struggle, he robbed the quicksand of its violence. He still sank, indeed, but so slowly that at the end of an hour, the sand had scarcely reached his breast. He reckoned that it would be three hours, at least, before the sand covered nose and mouth, but he knew that the tide would end it before that. Nevertheless, hope began to revive a little again he looked around for aid, but he had evidently wandered some distance from the direct road to the mount, and the only persons passing were so far away that they did not perceive him nor hear his shouts. So again he resigned himself, and the thought even came to him to renew his struggles in order to bring the end more quickly. But he decided that this would be cowardly, if not sinful, and so waited quietly. He was relieved to see that his horse, struggling to the last, had sunk from sight so that its sufferings were ended.

"He closed his eyes and even dozed a little, for he had been exhausted by his previous struggles, but he was startled wide awake by a voice shouting. The sand had reached his armpits. His arms, extended in front of him, were covered. He turned his head with difficulty and saw a man standing at the edge of the quicksand. He was tearing off his doublet in desperate haste.

"'Do not venture into it!' my father cried, comprehending his purpose, 'I am past saving. Do not endanger yourself. Take a message for me—that is all I ask.'

"The other did not answer, but spread out his cloak before him and advanced across it. He sank somewhat, it is true, but his feet were not entangled in the sand. At the edge of his cloak, he spread his doublet, stepped upon it and drew his cloak after him. But that moment of standing still almost proved his ruin, for he had sunk nearly to his knees before he got his cloak spread out again. My father watched him with bated breath as he freed himself and crept forward to the edge of it.

"'Your hand,' said the stranger, and he stretched out his own.

"My father disentangled one of his arms and grasped the hand extended to him, noting at the same time how firm and strong it was.

"'Now,' continued the other, rapidly, 'you must free yourself by one supreme effort. If we fail the first

Peary's Irreparable Loss.

New York Evening Post.

In foisting this fraud upon the world, Cook was guilty of much more than an injury to the man whose laurels he was falsely claiming. It has been a great loss to all the world that one of those rare events in which the whole of mankind spontaneously finds occasion for triumph and rejoicing was converted into a time of wrangling and unpleasantness. As for Peary himself, he has been defrauded of something which can never be restored to him. Such is the temper of man that the enthusiasm that would in the first instance have hailed the accomplishment of a feat which heroic venturers for three generations had strenuously sought to compass, can never be resurrected out of the possibilities of the past. False as it has been proved, the claim of the cheap swindler has dimmed the lust

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If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you will find it on sale at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, fifty-cents and one-dollar.

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time it will be useless to try again. So we must not fail. Are you ready?'

"'Yes,' said my father and with a mighty effort, heaved himself up out of the sand. Yet he must have failed, must have sunk deeper than ever, but for that strong arm which helped him, drawing him up and forward to the edge of the cloak, which formed, for a moment, a little isle of safety.

"But only for a moment. Already the sand was pouring over its edges and it was being rapidly engulfed.

"'We must get back without it,' said the unknown. 'Come.'

"Of the desperate struggle which followed, my father never told me much—indeed, I doubt if he remembered its details very clearly. They aided each other, encouraged each other, drew each other forward—each determined that the other should be saved—and, at the end, dropped exhausted side by side on the firm sand beyond.

"My father's rescuer was a young man of Poitiers—the youngest son of a good family—and his name was Louis Marie de Benseval."

I paused. I was, indeed somewhat overcome by my own story and more especially by the memories which it evoked. As for Mdlle. de Chambray, she sat with her face so in the shadow that I could scarcely discern her features. She made no comment, only stirred slightly, and I saw her eyes shining up at me.

"I fear I have been prolix," I said. "I have wearied you. I will try to hasten——"

"Please do not," she broke in. "You have not wearied me. I wish to hear the whole story. But will you not sit down?" and she made a little inviting gesture.

"No," I said, resisting it. "I have not yet come to the difficult part. If I should sit there beside you, I fear that my courage would fail me."

"As you will," she murmured, and leaned still farther into the shadow.

"The two became fast friends," I continued. "Indeed, friend is scarcely the word with which to describe their affection—it is not strong enough. They were more than friends. Their attachment had a rare, abiding quality—whether they were apart or together, it was just the same. They determined to perpetuate it by knitting their two families into one. They agreed that should one of them have a son and the other a daughter, these two should be considered betrothed from the cradle. And it would seem that nature, Providence, God approved of this design, for it so fell out.

"When I was 10 years old my father was seized with a fever from which it was soon evident he could not recover. M. de Benseval hastened to him, bringing with him his daughter, a child of eight. We were betrothed beside my father's bed; it was agreed that on the day that I was 21 I should set out from Beaufort to claim my bride. My father died blessing us and very happy."

Again I paused, for my voice was no longer wholly steady. Nor did I relish the story I had yet to tell. But I nerved myself to do it.

"After that, I lived with my mother upon our estate at Beaufort—a small estate, but one which, under my father's management, had sufficed for our support. At first, everything went well; but a woman, however capable, is not a man, and my mother was more engrossed in her son than in her fields. So our fortunes dwindled from year to year, and the Revolution struck them the final blow. We were at the end of our resources, and a month ago my mother wrote to M. de Benseval, at Poitiers, stating our circumstances frankly and releasing him from his engagement. In reply came a terse note saying that his engagement was with the dead, not with the living, and so was doubly sacred; that on the day that I was 21 he would expect me to set out for Poitiers, where his daughter would be awaiting me."

"And then?" asked my companion in a voice which seemed a little tremulous.

"Well, madamoiselle, yesterday I was 21."

"And you set out as M. de Benseval commanded?"

"Yes, at daybreak."

"Joyfully, no doubt?"

"Yes, joyfully—why attempt to conceal it? I told myself that I was going to execute my father's last command, that he was looking down upon me with approving eyes. So I was very happy."

"You have forgotten another reason for that happiness, have you not, monsieur?"

"Another reason?"

"You have said nothing of the lady."

"Really, mademoiselle," I said, in some confusion. "I fear I scarcely thought of her. I was only a boy. I had never been out into the world. All women were the same to me."

"You mean that they are no longer so?" she asked, and again I saw her eyes gleaming up at me from the shadow.

"So little so, mademoiselle," I answered hoarsely, "that I am longing to throw myself into the war in La Vendée in the hope that a kindly bullet will deliver me from the fate prepared for me. Death, it seems to me is preferable to that a thousand times."

"Come, monsieur," she protested, lightly, "you exaggerate; indeed, I can assure you that a month from now you will again find life very tolerable."

"Why a month from now?"

"Because, in that time you will be married, you will have become accustomed to your wife, your heart will have opened to her, and you will have forgotten the mood of this evening—or, if you recall it, it will be with a smile of amusement, as at a boyish folly."

"You may think so, perhaps," I said, bitter that I should be so misunderstood.

"You ask for my advice," she retorted, "and wet you grow angry when I give it. Shall I not say what I believe?"

"Pardon me," I begged. "But you do not yet understand. I have told you that I have passed my whole life with my mother—for me she was the only woman in the world."

"And now?" she asked. I could have sworn that she was luring me on, but for the gross absurdity of such a thought.

"Now there is still only one woman, mademoiselle, but it is not the same one," I answered simply.

To this, for a moment, she found no reply, but sat gazing out at the river with pensive eyes. The moon had risen above the tree-tops, seeking her; and finding her at last, caressed and threw a halo round her. I turned a little giddy at her pure, transcendent beauty, and my heart hungered for her.

At last she roused herself.

"Well, monsieur," she said, "now that perhaps I understand a little better, do you still desire my advice?"

"Yes, mademoiselle; more than I can say."

"Not, I hope, as to whether you should prove false to this betrothal?"

"Oh, no," I answered; "there can be no question of that. That is a matter which concerns not my honor alone, but that of my father, also."

"Yes," she assented; "M. de Benseval was right; the engagement is with the dead, and so is doubly sacred. So far we are agreed. What is it, then, that you propose?"

"I propose to turn aside from my journey to Poitiers and follow M. le Comte back to the Bocage. Can I do this with honor, mademoiselle?"

"What will you do in the Bocage?"

"I will seek death," I answered and I know that I spoke sincerely. "And it may be that my death will be of some service to France."

She sat for a moment looking up at me, a strange light in her eyes.

"I do not like to advise," she began, at last, and I fancied that her lips were trembling. "It is so serious a matter."

"I beg you to," I urged. "It is the greatest favor you can do me."

"A man is the best judge of his own duty."

"He should be," I admitted; "but in this case, I fear that I cannot see clearly."

"But neither may I," she objected.

"Ah, I am sure you will; in fact, mademoiselle, I suspect that you see so clearly that you fear to wound me. But to refuse to help me would be to wound me far more deeply."

"Well, then," she said, a little hoarsely, "since you will have it so, I must tell you that to my mind your betrothel has the first claim upon you. Not until you have fulfilled your engagement with her—the engagement for which your father has your word—is your life your own to cherish or throw away; not even then, for, surely, she will have some claim upon it."

"Not so great a claim as my country," I protested.

"Perhaps not," she assented; "but at present, her claim is greater than your country's. To desert her would be to dishonor her; a betrothal is a sacred thing, almost as sacred as marriage itself. To break it, to cast it aside, to disregard it even for a time, would be cowardly and ignoble. You must go on to Poitiers."

She spoke with a simple, fearless, deep sincerity which moved me strangely. Ah, here was a woman! Here was a woman!

"You are right, mademoiselle," I said, and bent and kissed her hand. "A thousand times right. I thank you."

Then, with such agony at my heart that I knew not whither I went, I turned and left her.

CHAPTER VI.

Eve in the Garden.

But that clear voice recalled me ere had taken a dozen steps.

"What is it? Whither do you go?" he asked. "Not forward to Poitiers this hour!"

"Oh, no," I answered. "I was merely going to—to walk about the garden—to think—to fight it out. But I was rude. Pardon me. I—I did not realize what I was doing."

"You are pardoned," she said, and her voice was siren-sweet. "Perhaps I can help you to fight it out, my friend—at least, I should like to help you. Besides, I have not yet done talking to you. I have some further advice at your disposal, if you care for it."

"I do care for it," I said, and turned instantly back to her. "You are very kind."

"I wish to be kind," she answered, and looked up at me with a smile that set my head to whirling. "But before I proceed," she added, "you must sit here beside me. I can't talk to you when you are prowling up and down like that. I feel as though I were holding a tete-a-tete with a wild animal and it disconcerts me."

She patted the seat with an inviting hand, and smiled again that alluring smile. I sat down obediently and looked at her, noting how the moonlight touched her hair with silver and gave a strange glory to her face.

"Since you are betrothed to another, M. de Tavernay," she began, turning in the seat so that she faced me, "doubly betrothed with a tie there is no breaking, and since I have satisfied myself that you are a man of honor, I feel that I can be quite frank with you, almost as I should be with my own brother, did I have one. What is it?" she asked, noticing the cloud which swept across my countenance.

"Nothing, nothing," I hastened to say. "Only there was a sting in the words, as well as kindness."

"A sting?" she repeated. "I fear you are very thin-skinned, M. de Tavernay."

"Perhaps I am," I admitted, humbly. "I shall try to remedy the fault."

"Do," she urged; "but I was about to say that you have not yet wholly explained yourself."

"I think I have told the whole story," I said, casting my mind back over its details. "I can think of nothing that I have omitted."

She sat for a moment looking at me, her lips parted, the color coming and going in her cheeks.

"You said, some time ago," she went on, at last, "that I was concerned with this story—that it was for that reason you desired my advice."

"Yes, that is true, mademoiselle."

"Well, you have not yet explained to me what you meant by that, my friend."

A sudden trembling seized me as I met her eyes.

"I thought you knew," I began hoarsely. "I thought you guessed."

"I am not good at guessing," she said looking at me, her eyes radiant, her hands against her heart.

"I meant," I stammered, "I meant ——"

But my lips refused to form the words; my heart turned faint——

"Oh," she said, in a low voice, "I understand," and she played for a moment with the rose at her bosom. "You mean, then, that it is I who have wrought this change in you?"

"Yes," I assented, and caught my breath to choke back the sob which rose in my throat.

She looked at me with a little frown, which changed in an instant to an arch smile.

"Come," she said, "confess that you are easily impressed, and that you will forget as easily."

"I shall never forget."

"Remember the proverb, 'That which flames at a touch, dies at a breath.'"

"Proverbs," I said, "are the expressions of generally accepted fallacies."

"But consider, my friend, and she leaned forward in her earnestness until she almost touched me, until the sweet glow of her body penetrated to me. "You have known me only a few hours. I am the first woman you have met on riding forth into the world. You mistake a goose for a swan. I assure you that there are many women beside whom you would not give me a second glance. Indeed, it is very possible that your betrothed may be one of them. So you will soon recover from this madness; in a day or two it will have quite passed away. Honor leads you to Poitiers and there you will find happiness as well. In time, you will come to wonder at this night's emotion, and to laugh at it. You will look back and you will say to yourself, 'What a fool I was!'"

"It is true," I said slowly, "that I may be a fool in desiring what I can never hope to possess, but at least, mademoiselle, do me the justice to believe that I shall never cease to desire it. I do not know how to tell you, for I have no skill in the phrases of love. I only know that you have touched in me a chord which will never cease to vibrate until the heart itself is still. It is not your beauty, though you are very beautiful; it is not the tone of your voice, though that is very sweet; it is not your smile, though that drives me to madness. It is something beyond and behind all that; it is something which, for want of a better name, I call your soul—that which looks out of your eyes so clear and pure that I tremble before it, knowing my own unworthiness. It is your soul that I love, mademoiselle, and no lapse of time, no chance of fortune—nothing in earth or heaven—can alter that love one atom."

I have heard that love gives eyes to the blind, ears to the deaf, tongue to the dumb. I know that of that moment, as my heart burned within me and the words rushed unbidden to my lips, the world became all at once a small and insignificant thing, with nothing worthy in it save me and this women and the love I had for her. I have no words to describe the emotion which shook me, the passion which flowed in my veins and took possession of my being. It was as if a sudden miracle had been wrought in me, a sublimation of everything unworthy; it was as though I had climbed a mountain peak, and come out under the clear stars, in the thin pure air, with nothing between myself and God. I have never again reached a height quite so sublime, or experienced a bliss quite so poignant.

I was too blinded for the moment by my own emotion to see my companion clearly, only her starry eyes I saw, and her parted lips, and her clasped hands. Then she drew away from me and seemed to shake herself, as though awaking from a dream; and a cold breath blew upon me and I, too, awoke. The spell was broken, the vision ended, the sublime moment gone.

"Indeed," she said, her voice not wholly steady, but her eyes instinct with mischief, "it seems to me that you are fairly eloquent M. de Tavernay, despite your lack of practice. I tremble to think what you will be in a year's time."

"I shall be just what I am now," I said doggedly, wounded at her tone. "You have sounded the height and depth of my eloquence."

"And am I to believe all this?"

"If you do not, mademoiselle, it is not because it is not true."

"But your betrothed," she persisted: "has she no attractions?"

"I have not seen her since she was a child of eight," I answered coldly. "I remember only that she had white hair and a red nose."

She burst into a peal of laughter which shook her from head to foot, and which I thought exceedingly ill-timed.

"Many children have," she said, when she could speak articulately. "I should not allow such little things as those to prejudice me against her. No doubt her hair is darker now and that redness of the nose may have been only temporary. Perhaps her memory of you is no more complimentary."

"That is very likely," I admitted.

"Think, then," she cried, "how agreeably she will be surprised when she sees you! Unless, indeed, she has already lost her heart to some handsome fellow of Poitiers."

"I trust not," I said. "I trust not."

"And why?" she demanded, sharply.

"I would not wish her to be unhappy, also."

She sat a moment silent, at that.

"You mean that, even if she has," she asked, at last, "you will hold her to the betrothal?"

"Oh, no," I answered, instantly "she would be free—that is, if she chose to be free."

"If she chose to be?"

"Her father would hold her to her oath," I said.

"And you believe he would have a right to do that?" she cried, wheeling upon me fiercely. "You believe that he would have a right to compel her obedience, to force her into this marriage, to make her miserable?"

"Yes," I answered, after a moment's thought, "I am sure he would. The law is very clear."

"Oh, the law!" she cried, impatiently. "I was not thinking of the law—I care nothing for the law—a poor, stumbling device of stupid men, whose meaning even they do not understand! Would he have the right?"

"Yes," I repeated, "I believe he would. He has passed his word."

"And his word is of more importance than his daughter's happiness?" she demanded, her eyes blazing.

"Undoubtedly," I answered, feeling myself on firm ground at last. "His honor is of more importance to him than anything else on earth."

"Honor!" she echoed, contemptuously. "An empty word men frighten women with!"

"No!" I cried, "A rock to cling to in time of storm, even as I am clinging to it now."

She sat for a moment looking at me darkly.

"You men are all alike," she said, at last. "Lords of creation, before whom we women must bow in all humility."

"Even as you are doing at this moment," I retorted.

She laughed at that, and the cloud vanished from her face.

"Thank you," she said. "After all, I was tilting at windmills. There is small danger that your betrothed has given her heart into another's keeping. More probably, she is guarding it sacredly for you. A girl has not a man's opportunities for falling in love—nor a man's temptations. Besides—oh, I can be frank with you, for I feel almost like your sister!—permit me to tell you, monsieur, that I think you a very handsome fellow, quite capable of consoling her for the loss of any girlish flame!"

I did not like the words, nor the tone in which they were uttered. They lacked that sympathy, that consideration, which I felt I had the right to expect from her—which any other woman would have given me. Perhaps, too, my vanity was wounded at my very evident failure to touch her heart.

"You are not treating me fairly, mademoiselle," I said, "nor kindly."

"You will pardon me," she retorted, her face fairly beaming, "if I fail to see the situation in such tragic light as you. It has for me an element of humor."

"It is fortunate that I, at least, continue to amuse you," I said grimly.

"Yes, there are not many people who amuse me. Beside, I am quite certain that, a year hence, when you look back at this night, you also will be amused. Naturally, I am flattered by your passion, since it proves that, under certain favorable circumstances, I am not devoid of attractions. But I should be extremely foolish to take it seriously—more especially since you are already betrothed."

"You are right," I assented, bitterly. "I am a coward to try to entangle you."

"Oh, you will not entangle me," she answered easily. "I shall take good care to keep a tight grip on my heart. But all that does not prevent me liking you immensely, M. de Tavernay. I have often wished," she went on, gazing at me from under half-closed lashes in a most provoking fashion, "that it were possible for me to have as a friend a man in whom I could wholly trust—a man young enough to understand the illusions of youth—young enough not to adopt toward one that paternal attitude which I detest—one whose kindness and sympathy I could always count upon and in whom I could confide. But I told myself that such a wish could never be fulfilled; that such friendships were too dangerous, that such a man did not exist. And yet, behold, here I have found him and he is bound in such a manner that there is no danger for either of us."

"I would not be too sure of that, mademoiselle," I interrupted. "The bonds have not yet been forged which could not somehow be broken."

"But bonds of honor!" she protested. "It is your word!"

"Yes, even those! There is a limit to human endurance," and I gripped my hands together to keep them away from her.

"Well, that limit shall not be passed, M. de Travernay, she assured me, her lips breaking into a smile, and quite regardless of her danger, she leaned nearer to me. "Besides, I have a deep confidence in you. The sentiments you have tonight expressed completely reassure me—I see now how foolish I was to think there could be any risk in coming here with you!"

It was a too-edged compliment, and I did not relish it, but she was gazing up at me with eyes so guileless and trusting that I chcked back the words which rose in my throat. Perhaps, had I been older and more experienced with women, I might have seen the flicker of mischief, which I suspect dwelt in their depths. Guilelessness is a favorite snare of Circe's.

"Let me whisper you a secret," she added, leaning toward me, a little quirk at the corner of her lips, "your betrothed is a charming girl!"

"Oh, you know her!" I said, and stared at her gloomingly, for she seemed to delight in torturing me.

"No—I have never met her—have never even seen her," and she laughed to herself as she uttered the words; "but I have heard her spoken of. With her, you will soon forget this poor Charlotte de Chambray—you will fall in love with her even more desperately than you have with me and she will make you happy."

"And will you regret that, mademoiselle?" I asked, realizing the folly of the question, but unable to suppress it.

"Not in the least!" she retorted, and burst into a peal of laughter, at sight of my crestfallen countenance—though it seemed to me that her face showed traces of crimson, too.

But there is, as I had said, a limit to human endurance. Her mockery raised in me suddenly a fierce madness—a carelessness of what might follow. I groped for her blindly, my arms were about her, crushing her to me with a sort of savage fury. The mockery was gone from her eyes, now; she tried to beat me off, then, with a little sob, hid her face upon my shoulder. But pity was not in me, only a fierce exulting, and I raised her face, I lifted her lips to mine, and kissed them desperately, passionately, again and again.

Then I released her and stood erect, my blood on fire, a great joy at my heart.

(To be Continued)

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Don't Weep At The Ice House

Some people swell up on "emotion" brewed from absolute untruth.

It's an old trick of the leaders of the Labor Trust to twist facts and make the "sympathetic ones" "weep at the ice house." (That's part of the tale further on.)

Gompers et al. sneer at, spit upon and defy our courts, seeking sympathy by falsely telling the people the courts were trying to deprive them of free speech and free press.

Men can speak freely and print opinions freely in this country and no court will object, but they cannot be allowed to print matter as **part of a criminal conspiracy** to injure and ruin other citizens.

Gompers and his trust associates started out to ruin the Bucks Stove Co., drive its hundreds of workmen out of work and destroy the value of the plant without regard to the fact that hard earned money of men who worked, had been invested there.

The conspirators were told by the courts to stop these vicious "trust" methods (efforts to break the firm that won't come under trust rule), but instead of stopping they "dare" the courts to punish them and demand new laws to protect them in such destructive and tyrannous acts as they may desire to do. * * * The reason Gompers and his band persisted in trying to ruin the Bucks Stove Works was because the stove company insisted on the right to keep some old employees at work when "de union" ordered them discharged and some of "de gang" put in.

Now let us reverse the conditions and have a look.

Suppose the company had ordered the union to dismiss certain men from their union and, the demand being refused, should institute a boycott against that union, publish its name in an "unfair list," instruct other manufacturers all over the United States not to buy the labor of that union, have committees call at stores and threaten to boycott if the merchants sold anything made by that union. Picket the factories where members work and slug them on their way home, blow up their houses and wreck the works, and even murder a few members of the boycotted union to teach them they must obey the orders of "organized Capital?"

It would certainly be fair for the company to do these things if lawful for the Labor Trust to do them.

In such a case, under our laws the boycotted union could apply to our courts and the courts would order the company to cease boycotting and trying to ruin these union men. Suppose thereupon the company should sneer at the court and in open defiance continue the unlawful acts in a persistent, carefully laid out plan, purposely intended to ruin the union and force its members into poverty. What a howl would go up from the union demanding that the courts protect them and punish their law-breaking oppressors. Then they would praise the courts and go on earning a living protected from ruin and happy in the knowledge that the people's courts could defend them.

How could any of us receive protection from law-breakers unless the courts have power to, and do punish such men?

The court is placed in position where it must do one thing or the other—punish men who persist in defying its peace orders or go out of service, let anarchy reign and the more powerful destroy the weaker.

Peaceable citizens sustain the courts as their defenders, whereas thieves, forgers, burglars, crooks of all kinds and violent members of labor unions, hate them and threaten violence if their members are punished for breaking the law. They want the courts to let them go free and at the same time demand punishment for other men "outside de union" when they break the law. * * * Notice the above reference is to "violent" members of labor unions. The great majority of the "unheard" union men are peaceable, upright citizens. The noisy, violent ones get into office and the leaders of the great Labor Trust know how to mass this kind of men, in labor conventions, and thus carry out the leaders' schemes, frequently abhorrent to the rank and file; so it was at the late Toronto convention.

The paid delegates would applaud and "resolute" as Gompers wanted, but now and then some of the **real workingmen** insist on being heard, sometimes at the risk of their lives.

Delegate Egan is reported to have said at the Toronto convention:

"If the officers of the federation would only adhere to the law we would think a lot more of them."

The Grand Council of the Provincial Workingmen's Ass'n of Canada has declared in favor of severing all connection with unions in the U. S., saying "any union having its seat of Gov't in America, and pretending to be international in its scope, must fight industrial battles according to American methods. Said methods have consequences which are abhorrent to the law-abiding people of Canada involving hunger, misery, riot, bloodshed and murder, all of which might be termed a result of the practical war now in progress in our fair province and directed by foreign emissaries of the United Miners of America."

That is an honest Canadian view of our infamous "Labor Trust."

A few days ago the daily papers printed the following:

(By the Associated Press.)

Washington, D. C., Nov. 10.—Characterizing the attitude of Samuel Gompers, John Mitchell and Frank Morrison, of the American Federation of Labor, in the contempt proceedings in the courts of the District of Columbia, in connection with the Bucks Stove and Range company, as "a willful, premeditated violation of the law," Simon Burns, general master workman of the general assembly, Knights of Labor, has voiced a severe condemnation of these three leaders. Mr. Burns expressed his confidence in courts in general and in those of the District of Columbia in particular.

APPROVED BY DELEGATES.

This rebuke by Burns was in his annual report to the general assembly of his organization. He received the hearty approval of the delegates who heard it read at the annual meeting in this city.

"There is no trust or combination of capital in the world," said Mr. Burns, "that violates laws oftener than do the trust labor organizations, which resort to more dishonest, unfair and dishonorable methods toward their competitors than any trust or combinations in the country."

Mr. Burns said the action of "these so-called leaders" would be harmful for years to come whenever attempts were made to obtain labor legislation.

"The Labor Digest," a reputable workingman's paper, says, as part of an article entitled "The beginning of the end of Gompersism, many organizations becoming tired of the rule-or-ruin policies which have been enforced by the president of the A. F. of L."

"That he has maintained his leadership for so long a time in the face of his stubborn clinging to policies which the more thoughtful of the workingmen have seen for years must be abandoned, has been on account partly of the sentimental feeling on the part of the organizations that he ought not to be deposed, and the unwillingness of the men who were mentioned for the place, to accept a nomination in opposition to him. In addition to this there is no denying the shrewdness of the leader of the A. F. of L., and his political sagacity, which has enabled him to keep a firm grip on the machinery of the organization, and to have his faithful henchmen in the positions where they could do him the most good whenever their services might be needed.

"Further than this, he has never failed, at the last conventions, to have some sensation to spring on the convention at the psychological moment, which would place him in the light of a martyr to the cause of unionism, and excite a wave of sympathetic enthusiasm for him, which would carry the delegates off their feet, and result in his re-election.

"That his long leadership, and this apparent impossibility to fill his place has gone to his head, and made him imagine that he is much greater a man that he really is, is undoubtedly the case, and accounts for the tactics he has adopted in dealing with questions before congress, where he has unnecessarily antagonized men to whom organized labor must look for recognition of their demands, and where labor measures are often opposed on account of this very antagonism, which would otherwise receive support.

"There is no doubt but what organized labor in this country would be much stronger with a leader who was more in touch with conditions as they actually exist, and who would bring to the front the new policies which organized labor must adopt if it expects to even maintain its present standing, to say nothing of making future progress."

We quote portions of another article, a reprint, from the same labor paper:

"Organized labor, through its leaders, must recognize the mistakes of the past if they expect to perpetuate their organizations or to develop the movement which they head. No movement, no organization, no nation can develop beyond the intellects which guide these organizations, and if the leaders are dominated by a selfish motive the organization will become tinged with a spirit of selfishness, which has never appealed to mankind in any walk of life at any time since history began.

"It can be said in extenuation of certain leaders of organized labor that the precarious position which they occupy as leaders has had a tendency to cause them to lose sight of the object behind the organization. The natural instinct in man for power and position is in no small measure responsible for the mistakes of the leaders, not necessarily in labor unions alone, but in every branch of society. This desire for power and leadership and personal aggrandizement causes men who have been earnest and sincere in their efforts in the start to deteriorate into mere politicians whose **every act and utterance is tinged with the desire to cater to the baser passions of the working majority** in the societies or organizations and this is undoubtedly true when applied to the present leaders of the Federation. We mention the Federation of Labor particularly in this article because that organization is the **only organization of labor which has yet found itself in direct opposition to the laws of the land.** There are other organizations of labor whose leaders have made mistakes, but they have always kept themselves and their organizations within the bounds of the law and respected the rights of every other man in considering the rights of themselves and their constituency; **whereas, the motto of the Federation is just the reverse,** and unless the leaders conform themselves and their organization in accordance with the laws of the land, the leaders and the organization itself must be disintegrated and pass into history, for in America the common sense in mankind is developed to a greater extent than in any other nation on the earth, and the people, who are the court of last resort in this country, will never allow any system to develop in this country which does not meet with the approval of the majority of the citizens of the country.

"This must have forced itself upon the leaders of the Federation by this time. If it has not, the leaders must be eliminated. The organization which they head has done many meritorious things in times past and the people are always ready and willing to acknowledge the benefits which their efforts have brought to their constituency as a whole, but at the present time labor organizations in general, and the Federation of Labor in particular, **stand before the bar of public opinion, having been convicted of selfishness and a disposition to rule all the people of the country in the interest of the few.** The people are patient and awaiting to see if the object lesson which they have been forced **to give to these leaders is going to be recognized and if they are going to** conform themselves and their future work and actions in accordance thereto."

Let the people remember that comment, "The Federation of Labor in particular stands before the bar of public opinion, having been convicted of selfishness and a disposition to rule all the people of the country in the interest of the few."

The great 90 per cent of Americans do not take kindly to the acts of tyranny by these trust leaders openly demanding that all people bow down to the rules of the Labor Trust and we are treated to the humiliating spectacle of our Congress and even the Chief Executive entertaining these convicted law-breakers and listening with consideration to their insolent demands that the very laws be changed to allow them to safely carry on their plan of gaining control over the affairs of the people.

The sturdy workers of America have come to know the truth about these "martyrs sacrificing themselves in the noble cause of labor," but it's only the hysterical ones who swell up and cry over the aforesaid "heroes," reminding one of the two romantic elderly maids who, weeping copiously, were discovered by the old janitor at Mt. Vernon.

"What is it ails you ladies?"

Taking the handkerchief from one swollen red eye, between sobs she said:

"Why, we have so long revered the memory of George Washington that we feel it a privilege to come here and weep at his tomb."

"Yas'm, yas'm, yo' shore has a desire to express yo' sympathy, but yo' are overflowin' at de wrong spot, yo' is weepin' at de ice house."

Don't get maudlin about law-breakers who must be punished if the very existence of our people is to be maintained.

If you have any surplus sympathy it can be extended to the honest workers who continue to earn food when threatened and are frequently hurt and sometimes killed before the courts can intervene to protect them.

Now the Labor Trust leaders demand of Congress that the courts be stripped of power to issue injunctions to prevent them from assaulting or perhaps murdering men who dare earn a living when ordered by the Labor Trust to quit work.

Don't "weep at the Ice House" and don't permit any set of law-breakers to bully our courts, if your voice and vote can prevent. Be sure and write your Representatives and Senators in Congress asking them not to vote for any measure to prevent the courts from protecting homes, property and persons from attack by paid agents of this great Labor Trust.

Let every reader write, and write now.

Don't sit silent and allow the organized and paid men of this great trust to force Congress to believe they represent the great masses of the American people. Say your say and let your representatives in Congress know that you do not want to be governed under new laws which would empower the Labor Trust leaders with legal right to tell you when to work. Where! For whom! At what price! What to buy! What not to buy! Whom to vote for! How much you shall pay per month in fees to the Labor Trust! etc., etc., etc.

This power is now being demanded by the passage of laws in Congress. Tell your Senators and Representatives plainly that you don't want them to vote for any measure that will allow any set of men either representing Capital or Labor to govern and dictate to the common people, who prefer to be free to go and come, work or not, and vote for whom they please.

Every man's liberty will disappear when the leaders of the Great Labor Trust or any other trust can ride rough shod over people and mass their forces to prevent our courts from affording protection.

"There's a Reason."

C. W. POST, Battle Creek, Mich.

A Bachelor's Plaint.

She left her babe with me and went
To shop in town a while,
And I, before the day was spent,
Was much too sad to smile;
For e'en before she passed from view,
And left a lonely man,
It acted just as if it knew,
And then the fun began.

It wept and wailed; it roared and squalled;
It kicked; it's face turned red;
It squawked and blatted, howled and bawled
Enough to wake the dead.
It yowled and screeched as lustily
As forty cats in fight—
I never thought such lungs could be
In such a tiny mite.

I heaved a sigh and settled down
To make the best of it;
And just before she came from town
The darling cherub quit.
Would you believe the little cuss
Had made such awful noise?
Ah, no! She e'en addressed it thus:
"Oo bestest 'haved of boys!"

—Chicago News.

Been Taking Turns.

Fruit Grower.

Mrs. Rogers had the barrel of russet apples placed in the attic because they were not quite ripe enough to eat and she warned her three boys, whose ages range from 5 to 11 years, not to touch them.

Then, one rainy day, when she sought the attic to get something from a trunk, she came full upon her sons, surrounded by apple cores. At her approach two of the boys drew closer together; but the third, a little distance off, who lay on his stomach, contentedly munching an apple, apparently paid no atention to his mother's entrance.

"Jack! Henry! Willie!" she exclaimed, reproachfully. "Whatever are you doing? And those apples! Didn't I tell you not to touch them?"

"Yes, mamma," replied Jack, the eldest, "but we're not really eating them; we're acting the Garden of Eden. Willie and I are Adam and Eve, Henry, over there, is the serpent, trying to lead us to our downfall by showing us how good the apples are."

"But," began the mother, as sternly as she was able, "you two must have been eating apples; Henry hasn't done it all. I see as many as ten cores around you."

"Oh, yes," returned Willie, the youngest, "we've all been taking turns being the serpent."

Another Fallacy.

Rule (Texas) Review.

The generally accepted belief that a person is useful in proportion as he is busy is controverted by a writer who says:

"I have a dog that loaded up with fleas. In the summer time, when the fleas are plenty, that is the busiest dog I ever saw; when he isn't biting at the fleas he's snapping at the flies. He never has a minute to spare, but when he is the busiest he is the least account for practical purposes. And there is a young fellow in my neighborhood who has a cheap watch and he smokes cigarets. When he isn't winding his watch he is lighting a cigaret. He is a mighty busy young man, but he isn't worth two hoops in a water barrel."

House of Ghosts and Legends.

Fall River News.

The old brick mansion near the south end of Prudence Island, commonly known as Chase's Folly, is no more, and with its passing has vanished one of the landmarks of this section of the country. For years the structure has been uninhabited, and in the place of earthly occupants popular fancy has peopled it with ghosts and woven about it a thousand legends of the times that once were.

The house was built by Daniel Chase, the great-grandfather of the present generation of Chases on Prudence. The builder was a prosperous farmer, but the building of a noble brick structure reduced him to comparative poverty. The mansion had been the dream of the builder's life, and the ruins as they stood showed plainly the materials that had been used in the construction of the dream dwelling. Many of the boards in the house were "clear" pine, more than two feet in width, the doors were eight paneled, and the handsome cornices were hand designed.

Whale and Elephant Meat.

London Globe.

There is something unpleasant about the thought of eating whale meat, but it is said that the reality is very palatable. Japan has quite a trade in canned and salted whale meat, and there is to be a campaign to educate the European peoples to like it. Some whaling companies have distributed from their headquarters samples of canned whale meat, and those who have eaten it describe it as tenderer than beef and much like it in taste. Whale steak seems no queerer than Frankfort sausage made out of an elephant, which is what some German people have been eating. An enterprising butcher over there, hearing that an unruly elephant in the Ghent Zoological Gardens was to be killed, engaged the creasa. He made 3,800 pounds of sausage out of it, and sold every pound at good prices.

Not the Usual Romance.

Muscotah Recorder.

Recently one of our most fastidious young men bought a pair of overalls and found in them the name of the sewing girl who made them.

He very promptly wrote her a letter with all the effusiveness necessary in such a case, and in due time received a reply, which, however, was void of the romance usual in such cases. Here it is: "I am a working girl, it is true, but I make a good living and I do not care to support a husband, as I would have to do if I married some silly noodle who gets mashed on a girl he never saw. Permit to say that I do not know how my card got in that pair of overalls, and that when I do marry, if ever, it will be some fellow that can afford something better than a 47-cent pair of breeches."

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SYMPTOMS.—Yellowish red eruption; the pimples or patches may swell and the itching is so great the person will scratch the top off, then they bleed and dark scales form; There is an oozing of matter. In some the skin cracks and bleeds. Itching is terrible; a person suffering will scratch till they bleed. Scales form on parts of the body, where the clothing comes in contact.

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PEARY'S OWN STORY

Continued from First Page.

position, went some 10 miles beyond my camp and some eight miles to the right of it, planted my flags, deposited my records, took photographs, studied the horizon through my telescope for possible land, and sought for a suitable place to make a sounding."

The discovery of the North Pole, Commander Peary states, was the result only of experience. He says:

"It was experience which permitted the discovery of the pole—that, and persistence. Prior to my expedition of 1905-6, even with all my experience, I had not the necessary knowledge of conditions in the central Polar Sea. The mechanism with which I achieved my purpose was deliberately prepared, with every part adjusted to every other part, and every detail had been tested on previous expeditions. The designs for this expedition may not improperly be called a work of mechanical engineering, in which the component fractions were human brains and bodies, dogs, sledges, ice craft, Arctic experience and perishable supplies, with the indomitable will of man for driving power."

This can be fully appreciated when one begins to read about the preparations and equipment for the journey, the supplies required, and the later difficulties of the north which only experience and ingenuity could overcome.

It is interesting to read first-hand just what it meant to fit the last Arctic expedition of Peary's. It was a question not only of experience, but money. Arctic expeditions are costly. When Peary began his plans for his eighth and last trip into the Arctic, the Peary Arctic club, which sent out the expedition, placed at his disposal the Roosevelt, which had been specially built at a cost of $100,000. New boilers and other repairs were necessary, however. This meant an expenditure of $75,000. Liberal supplies were needed, at an expense of many thousands. The extent of these may be gauged by a partial list which Peary gives. This includes: Flour, 16,000 pounds; coffee, 1,000 pounds; tea, 800 pounds; sugar, 10,000 pounds; kerosene, 3,500 gallons; 7,000 pounds; biscuit, 10,000 pounds; condensed milk, 100 cases; pemmican, 30,000 pounds; dried fish, 3,000 pounds; smoking tobacco, 1,000 pounds.

Personality of the Discoverer.

Although Peary has been pursuing his quest of the pole for 23 years, practically little is known of Peary the man. Many people imagine him to be wealthy. This is erorneous. Peary, until he received $50,000 from Hampton's for the serial rights of his story, was a poor man. His Arctic expeditions were fitted out only after the greatest difficulties. The raising of money to him was an impediment often as discouraging and difficult as the negotiation of Arctic glaciers. Before the last trip there had been seven expeditions into the Arctic. Up to 1897, with the assistance of his wife, Peary supplied two-thirds of the necessary funds required himself. Then he was several thousand dollars in debt.

To his explorations Peary devoted pretty nearly all the money he ever earned by his service in the United States navy, by lecturing and writing. For his ideal the explorer and his wife sacrificed many comforts. Their home on Eagle Island, Maine, is merely a modest little cottage. There Mrs. Peary lived with extreme economy, year after year, so that the surplus savings could be put into the husband's work. Yet uncomplainingly they were willing to endure self-sacrifice. Once, to raise a few thousand dollars necessary to complete an expedition, Peary went on a lecture tour. He spoke 168 times in 96 days, averaging two lectures a day. He made a record in the lecture field, clearing $13,000. This was devoted to the cause of his quest.

Even Peary's last trip was fitted out only after many hindrances. Victory came to him only after he had suffered to the extreme the humiliations of defeat and had endured discouragements such as would have completely disheartened many men. On his return from his seventh expedition in 1906 Peary was encouraged in the preparation of another by Mr. Morris K. Jessup, who had liverally contributed to the preceding and to whom the explorer was largely indebted for his good ship Roosevelt. Mr. Jessup's offer, Peary says in his story, meant that he would not have to beg the money in small sums. Contracts were given for repairs to the Roosevelt. According to these the ship was to have been completed by July 1, 1907. Then came a blow to Peary—one after many, but of a new kind. The contractors failed to keep their agreement, the boilers were installed only in September, and the trip had to be postponed until the following year. What this meant to Peary can be realized when one reads his account of his plans and what the loss of time meant.

"I recognized the fact that in all human probability, no matter how it might turn out, it would be my last. If I failed this time, it was final. I was already at an age beyond which, perhaps, with the one exception of Sir John Franklin, no man had ever attempted to prosecute work in the Arctic regions. I was getting too old; and I had to win out now, or yield my dream and ambition forever. This failure of the contractors to live up to their word, and the consequent delay of a year, was a serious blow to me.

"On the day when I reluctantly admitted to myself that I positively could not sail north that year, I felt much as I had felt when I had been obliged to turn back from 87 degrees 6 minutes, with only the empty bauble of 'Farthest North,' instead of the great prize which I had almost strained my life out to achieve. Fortunately, I did not know that Destiny was even then clenching her fist for yet another and more crushing blow for me.

"While trying to possess my soul in patience at the unjustified delay, there came the heaviest calamity which I had encountered in all my Arctic work—the death of my friend, Morris K. Jessup. Without his promised help the future expedition seemed impossible.

"For a time I felt as if this was the end of everything; that all the effort and money put into the project had been wasted. Mr. Jessup's death, coming on top of the delay caused by the default of the contractors, seemed at first an absolutely paralyzing defeat."

Fortunately, however, Mrs. Jessup sent a check for a large sum, and other friends rallied about Peary. When, finally, the Roosevelt was nearly ready to start on her last voyage, Peary was still in debt. An incident of that time is characteristic of the man. A friend asked him if he was really going to start in July.

"Yes," he replied, "I am going."

"Have you got the money?" the friend asked.

"No," he replied, "but I am going."

"Do you know where you can get the money?" the friend inquired.

"No," he again replied, "but I am going."

"And you will reach the Pole?" his friend declared.

"I shall put into this effort everything there is in me—physical, mental and moral," said Peary.

The Roosevelt did start north that July and Peary reached the Pole.

Of the journey north and the incidents of the trip, Peary tells graphically.

"I felt, as we steamed northward from Cape York on the first day of August, 1908," he says, "that I was at last face to face with my own destiny, which was now to have the final word with me; I felt that all my years of work and my former expeditions were merely preparations for this last and supreme effort. It has been said that well-directed labor toward a given end is the best kind of prayer for its attainment. But no man can live for years surrounded by the great white mystery of the Arctic without feeling that within and behind it is an intelligence—watchful and responsive. And if, standing there with my back to the world and my face toward that mystery, I dared to ask of it the boon for which I had labored so long, can any one wonder that I say so?"

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FREE to Every Man or Woman

Dr. Young's PEPTOPADS cure where medicines alone fail. They regulate the bowels, relieve soreness, and strengthen the nerves and muscles of the stomach in other sex. You can eat what you want and all you want without fear of distress. The cures effected are marvelous. If you have Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Distress after Eating, Nervousness, Dizziness, Heart Fluttering, Sick Headache, etc., send 10c to cover cost of mailing, and I will send you a $1.00 treatment absolutely free. It will relieve you immediately. Address DR. G. C. YOUNG, 42 National Bank Building, Jackson, Michigan.

QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1. Your real name and post-office address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any question involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prizes of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers we will reply in print, but never by mail.

SIMON KENTON

Will you please tell me something of the life of Simon Kenton?—B. F. R., Peru, Neb.

Simon Kenton, the American pioneer, was born April 3, 1755, and died in 1836. At the age of 16 he fought a duel and believing that he had killed his adversary, he fled beyond the Alleghenies and became a companion of Boone and other early pioneers in Kentucky. He was for a time the spy of Governor Dunmore, later taking part in the warfare waged against the British and Indians. In this he showed courage, sagacity and endurance. In 1782 he learned that his former opponent was living, so he returned to his home, soon afterward going back to Kentucky with his father's family. He was frequently engaged in border warfare until Wayne put down the Indians. As the country began to fill with settlers, his lands, to which, in consequence of or utter indifference to legal forms, he had never secured perfect titles, were taken from him, and by repeated lawsuits he was reduced to penury.

In the war of 1812 he fought with the Kentucky troops at the battle of the Thames. In 1824 he petitioned the legislature of Kentucky to release the claim of the state on one of the mountain land grants by him. His appearance in tattered garments at first excited ridicule, but upon being recognized he was treated with much distinction by the legislature. His lands were released and a pension amounting to $240 was procured for him from the congress of the United States. He died near the spot where he had narrowly escaped death 58 years before at the hands of the Indians.

MORGAN DISAPPEARANCE

Please tell what the Masons had to do with the disappearance of a man named Morgan many years ago.—S. P., Peru, Neb.

It is claimed by the Masons that a man named Morgan gave some of their secrets away, which he should not have done. After this claim Morgan disappeared and nothing was ever heard of him again. It was believed that he was kidnapped and murdered by the Masons but no proof of this was ever found, though in the minds of some Masons were held responsible for his disappearance. This created a great deal of ill feeling at that time against the Masons.

LEGAL HOLIDAYS

How many national holidays have we and what is the difference between a national holiday and a legal one?—W. L. B.—Paducah, Ken.

There is no national holiday in this country. A holiday may be legal in one state and not in another. They are made such by the state legislation in the states and by acts of congress in the territories. The following are most of the legal holidays in the various states:

New Year's Day—In all the states and territories except Arkansas, Delaware, Georgia, Kentucky, Maine, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, North and South Carolina and Rhode Island. Anniversary of the Battle of New Orleans, January 8—In Louisiana. Lincoln's Birthday, February 12—In Louisiana. Washington's Birthday, February 22—In all the states and territories except Texas. Arkansas, Florida, Illinois, Iowa, Indiana, Kansas, Maine, Missouri, North Carolina, Ohio, Texas, Oregon and Tennessee. Shrove Tuesday—In Louisiana and the cities of Mobile, Montgomery and Selma, Alabama. Anniversary of Texan Independence, March 2—In Texas. Virginia's Anniversary, March 4—In Louisiana. Good Friday—In Florida, Louisiana, Minnesota and Pennsylvania. Memorial Day, April 26—In Georgia. Memorial Day, May 30—In Colorado, Massachusetts, Vermont, Maine, Connecticut, Michigan, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Rhode Island, New York, Pennsylvania and the District of Columbia. Battle of San Jacinto, April 21—In Texas. Fourth of July—In all states and territories. General election day, generally on Tuesday after first Monday in November—In California, Maine, Missouri, New Jersey, New York, Oregon, South Carolina and Wisconsin. Thanksgiving Day, usually last Thursday in November—In all states and territories. Fast day, whenever appointed by the governors—In all the states and territories. Christmas Day—In all states and territories.

CORN

Please give a brief history of corn.—O. L. T., Minot, N. D.

The common Indian corn is generally believed to be a native of the warmer parts of America, where it was cultivated by the aborigines before the discovery of America by Columbus. But in the royal library in Paris an ancient Chinese book had a representation of the plant. Also in the cellars of some of the ancient houses in Athens a few grains of the plant, which were also discovered. These facts have led some to suppose that it was a native of the east, and has been cultivated there from a very early period. It is even thought that it is the "corn" of scripture; although on this supposition it is not easy to account for this subject's neglect of it until after the discovery of America, since which the spread of its cultivation in the Old World has taken place with a rapidity such as might be expected from its great productiveness and other valuable qualities. Columbus himself took it to Spain. Maize was first introduced into Europe it was supposed that it came from Asia and was therefore called Turkey corn.

VOYAGE OF THE FLEET

Will you please give an account of the voyage of our naval fleet around the world?—A. F., Mills, Pa.

The fleet left Norfolk, Va., December 16, 1907; at Rio Janeiro, Jan. 12, 1908; Punta Arenas, Chile, Feb. 2; Callao, Peru, Feb. 21; Magdalena Bay, March 2; Sandiago, Cal., April 15; Los Angeles, April 20; Santa Barbara, April 26; San Francisco, May 5; Seattle, May 22; Honolulu, July 15; Auckland, New Zealand, August 5; Sydney, Australia, August 19; Melbourne, Australia, August 28; Albany, Australia, Sept. 14; Manila, Sept. 29; Yokohama, Oct. 17; Tokio, Oct. 19; Amoy, China, Oct. 29; Manila, Nov. 2; Colombo, Ceylon, Dec. 12; Suez Canal, Jan. 6-8, 1909; Athens (part of fleet), Jan. 10; Naples (part of fleet), Jan. 13; Malta (part of fleet), Jan. 17; Tangier (part of fleet), Jan. 30; Algiers (part of fleet), Jan. 20; Gibraltar (part of fleet), Jan. 31; left Gibraltar, Feb. 6; returned to Norfolk, Va., Feb. 22.

IMPORT DUTIES

Please tell what the duties are imports of corn, wheat, hogs, mules, tobacco, coffee, lemons, sugar, cattle and sheep.—T. H. G., Liberty, Tenn.

There are no duties on corn, wheat, coffee or mules. Hogs, cattle and sheep are not taxed, but the dressed meat of each is. The duty on scrap tobacco is 55 cents per pound, and all tobacco and its manufactures are admitted free of duty from the Philippine islands under the new law except wrapper and filler (unsteamed) when mixed or packed with more than 15 per cent of wrapper in excess of 300,000 pounds, filler in excess of 1,000,000 and cigars in excess of 150,000,000 cigars in any fiscal year. The duty on lemons is one and one-half cents a pound. The duty on Dutch standard sugar in color, all sugar above No. 16, and sugar that has gone through a process of refining is $1.91 per 100 lbs. Sugar from the Philippine islands, except in excess of 300,000 gross tons in any fiscal year, is admitted free of duty under the new law. Preference in the right of free entry of sugar shall be given to producers of less than 500 gross tons in any fiscal year, then to producers of the lowest output in excess of 500 tons annually.

CHIEF JUSTICES

Will you please give the names of the chief justices of the United States supreme court since its establishment?—J. W. S., Crown City, O.

The names of the chief justices of the United States supreme court since it was established are John Rutledge, Oliver Ellsworth, John Marshall, Roger B. Taney, Salmon P. Chase, Morrison R. Waite and Melville W. Fuller.

GOLDFISH AND REDFISH

In what waters are goldfish and redfish found, and are they ever found in the same waters?—W. S. H., Mt. Gilead, O.

There are several different kinds of redfish. Different species are found in the waters of Alaska, the Columbia river valley, the lakes of northern Idaho, on the California and the Atlantic coasts.

Goldfish were first found in China a long time ago, but since they have been taken to Europe and this country, where they have become thoroughly naturalized to the climate. Goldfish can now be found in most countries, where they are kept in small private aquariums or in fish ponds and fountains in the parks.

SNOWBIRDS

Where do the snowbirds go in the summer time?—J. O. M., Waldo, W. Va.

As the snowbirds appear in the middle sections of the country about the time of the first snowfall, they find a colder climate during the summer, where they hatch their young. The birds which appear in the east in winter have their breeding places in summer south of the great lakes only on the tops of the mountains. The western species inhabit Canada or the peaks of the Rocky and other mountains of the west during the warm summer. They build their nests on the ground.

BURLEY TOBACCO

Will you plase tell me, through the Question Bureau, in what part of this country burley tobacco is grown?—B. F., Miskin, W. Va.

The white burley tobacco, which is used mainly for making plug and fine cut chewing tobacco and the lower grades of pipe smoking tobaccos, is grown in the southern part of Ohio and in 44 counties in the south central part of Kentucky and in the states of Virginia, West Virginia, Missouri, and, to a limited extent, in Tennessee.

MISCELLANEOUS

J. D. W., Valier, Pa.: The United States paid Great Britain eight English shillings per ton for the passage of her fleet through the Suez canal.

W. E. W., Elm Grove, O.: The letters s. s. written on state documents have the the Latin meaning of scilicet (to wit).

B. D. H., Moatsville, W. Va.: The United States pays the national banks interest on the government bonds which the banks buy, but this interest is not as high as 4 per cent.

A. C., Parsons, Kan.: We have not the statistics which you want concerning the number of pensioned soldiers in this country.

H. E. N., Claria, W. Va.: The highest lake in the world is Askal Chin, located in Tibet. It is 16,600 feet above the level of the sea.

J. A. S., Graysville, Ill.: Some accounts of the flood say that it lasted for 61 days, while others have its duration as 365 days. We have no means of finding out how long Noah was in building the ark.

B. M., Smock, Pa.: We are unable to find the information you want regarding the speech Roosevelt made on Taft's religion.

J. H. M., Athens, Pa.: Write to the general land commissioner at Washington, D. C., for the information you want concerning the public lands in the United States.

H. R., Mt. Gilead, O.: We have no statistics showing the amount of gold and silver bullion coined every year.

C. H. B. F., Copley, O.: Even the astronomers have no idea as to what the location of Hailey's comet will be in the heavens when it appears.

A. G. S., Yankeedam, W. Va.: Mt. McKinley is located in Alaska, but Cook did not climb the mountain on his recent polar trip. He made that climb some time before.

Z. B. W., New Milton, W. Va.: The source of the St. Clair river is in Lake Huron. The river empties into Lake St. Clair. All the waters of the great lakes flow into the ocean through the St. Lawrence river.

A Chance to Make Money

Yes, elegant free homesteads can still be had in Mexico where many Americans are now locating. You need not go to Mexico, but are required to have 5 acres of fruit trees planted within 3 years. For information address The Jantha Plantation Co., Block 556, Pittsburg, Pa. They will plant and care for your trees on shares, so you should make a thousand dollars a year. It is never hot, never cold. The health conditions are perfect.

The White Flag.

I sent my love two roses—one
As white as driven snow,
And one a blushing royal red,
A flaming Jacqueminot.

I meant to touch and test my fate;
That night I should divine
The moment I should see my love,
If her true heart were mine.

For if she holds me dear, I said,
She'll wear my blushing rose;
If not she'll wear my cold Lamarque,
As white as winter's snows.

My heart sank when I met her; sure
I have been overbold.
For on her breast my pale rose lay
In virgin whiteness cold.

Yet with low words she greeted me,
With smiles divinely tender;
Upon her cheek the red rose d wned—
The white rose meant surrender.

—John Hay.

THIS WILL INTEREST MANY.

F. W. Parkhurst, the Boston publisher, says that if anyone afflicted with rheumatism in any form, neuralgia or kidney trouble, will send their address to him at 704-5 Carney Bldg., Boston, Mass., he will direct them to a perfect cure. He has nothing to sell or give, only tells you how he was cured after years of search for relief. Hundreds have tested it with success.

Find His Manuscript.

New York Press.

It is rare that the misfortunes of an individual are so great that the public is justified in laying aside all else in order to help the poor man out of his difficulties. James H. Calisch has lost his soul—in other words, his half-completed work on "Moral Philosophy from the Viewpoint of Modern Science." It represents the labor of nearly 50 years, and was left by him on the bench of the subway station at 187th street.

The professor of mathmatics of one of our universities worked 30 years on an epoch-making book on mathematics. It was burnt, unfinished, and since then the good man has never smiled, except in mockery. There are few men so plethoric and industrious as Caryiyle. He sent the manuscript of his French Revolution to John Stuart Mill to read. Mill's housemaid put the manuscript in the fire. But Carlyle bravely rewrote the whole thing. It had not taken him, however, a lifetime to think and work it out, and it was not his only book.

When the children of our brain are few they are especially precious. Let us turn to and find the philosophic-scientific soul of Mr. James H. Calisch.

Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna

Cleanses the System Effectually;
Dispels colds and Headaches due to Constipation;
Acts naturally, acts truly as a Laxative.
Best for Men, Women and Children—Young and Old.
To get it's beneficial effects, always buy the Genuine,

manufactured by the

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SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS
one size only, regular price 50¢ per bottle.

The FARMSTEAD

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

Will some one please answer the following: Why doesn't cream bring butter after being churned at the right temperature? The milk has a bad odor. Our cows are in good flesh and healthy.—R., Dayton, Pa.

Can anybody tell me how to extract the oil from skunks?—P., Kenwood, Cal.

Will some reader please tell me something about trimming black walnut trees? I have some that I would like to trim if I can do it without injuring them.—W., Grand Ledge, Mich.

I would like to have a recipe for making paste that will keep and not become mouldy.—S., Centerville, Cal.

When I milk, what seems to be an insect flies off the cow and lights on my face and beard, and stings like a bee. It is imperceptible, at least members of my family can find nothing. It is very annoying. What is it? And what can I spray the cow with?—S., Nichols, N. Y.

I desire some information about the Sand pear. At what season does it ripen? How large? Where can the trees be obtained?—H., South Bend, Ind.

THE AGE OF A HORSE

I saw a request in the Farmstead from G. W. M., Danville, W. Va. He wanted the verses entitled "The Age of a Horse." I happened to have them in a scrap book, and I enclose a copy.—C., Guyville, O.

To tell the age of any horse
Inspect the lower law, of course;
The six front teeth the tale will tell,
And every doubt and fear dispel.

Two middle nippers you behold
Before the colt is two weeks old;
Before eight weeks two more will come,
Eight months the corners cut the gum.

The outside grooves will disappear
From middle two in just one year,
In two years from the second pair—
In three years "corners," too, are bare.

At two the middle "nippers" drop;
At three the second pair can't stop;
When four years old the third pair goes,
At five a full new set he shows.

The deep black spots will pass from view
At six years from the middle two;
The second pair at seven years;
At eight the spot each corner clears.

From middle "nippers" upper jaw
At nine the black spots will withdraw;
The second pair at ten are bright;
Eleven finds the corners clear.

As time goes on the horsemen know
The oval teeth three sided grow.
They longer get—project—before
Till twenty, when we know no more.

STOCKED LEGS

Nearly every farmer has experienced more or less trouble with stocked legs on his young horses. This trouble is generally more prevalent in winter than at any other time of the year. The horses have to stand in the barn, and their inactivity tends to promote the trouble. In many instances it follows an injury or such diseases as distemper and kindred troubles. It is the result of defective circulation, of which inactivity and distemper are two causes.

If the trouble is allowed to run too long it is almost impossible to overcome it, but if taken in time and the treatment continued for several weeks a permanent cure may be effected. The best results have been obtained with the application of hot water and a very simply prepared liniment. Every morning bathe the swollen parts with water that is as hot as the animal can bear. This should be continued for 15 minutes. After the leg has been wiped dry wrap it in a flannel cloth and keep it there until noon. Then remove the cloth and anoint with a liniment made of the following parts: One and a half ounces of tincture of lodine, one and a half ounces of turpentine and two ounces of fluid extract of belladonna. When the swollen part is blistered quite freely discontinue the application of the medicine until it is sufficiently healed to justify a continuance. Keep up the hot application while the blistered parts are healing.

Another good remedy is: Give a dram of iodide of potassium, one dram fluid extract buchu and three drams ground gentian in feed two or three times a day. Thew bandage leg below hock in cotton, changing bandage once each week.

WORMS IN HORSES

This is one of the best worm destroyers for unthrifty colts and horses that we have ever tried. Mix together one pound each of sugar and salt, then mix one-half pound of fine smoking tobacco, six ounces of powdered worm seed and four ounces of powdered sulphate of iron. As a dose for a mature horse give a heaping tablespoonful in a wheat bran mash every morning for two weeks. Colts should be given smaller doses in proportion to size and age.

A veterinary supply house advises the following remedy for worms in horses: Give a teaspoonful of powdered copper sulphate every morning in feed for three or four days, then give two ounces of turpentine in a pint of raw linseed oil. Feed soft feed and keep infected animal in the stable while under this treatment.

A veterinary physician, signing no name, suggests this treatment: Clear the bowels by allowing the horse to fast over night and in the morning give two ounces of turpentine in a pint of raw linseed oil or gruel, followed in the course of an hour with a bran mash; repeat this for two or three mornings. Santosin in half or one ounce doses, made into powders, with linseed meal, may be given to valuable horses for two or three mornings in succession, followed by a cathartic.

SILAGE FOR STEERS

The Pennsylvania station conducted an experiment last year to find the relative feeding value of shredded fodder and corn silage for fattening steers.

Twelve steers were divided into two lots of six each, the aim being to have the two lots as nearly equal as possible as regards weight and quality. These steers were high grade Hereford and Short-Horn yearlings, which had been bought in the Pittsburg market for fattening in the college barn. They were tied to two rows of stalls in the basement of the college barn, and had water constantly before them.

The two lots were fed broken ear corn and cotton seed meal twice daily, the corn being placed in the trough first and one pound of cotton seed meal per steer poured over it. It was the aim to let the steers have all the corn they would eat and still retain a good appetite. The two lots were fed equal quantities of mixed hay.

Lot 1 was fed corn stover, which is the fodder without the ears; the quantity fed intended to be approximately as nearly equal to the hay as practicable. Lot 2 was fed corn silage in such quantities as they would eat up clean. It should be borne in mind that the silage contained the ears, while the stover did not. The hay was fed after the grain ration in the evening and the stover and silage after the grain ration in the morning.

The hay, grain, stover and silage were weighed. During only two periods was any silage left in the managers. One was at the beginning of the test, before the steers had become accustomed to the feed, and the other was later when some damaged silage was fed by mistake. The steers ate all the hay given them.

At the beginning of the test the stover feed steers averaged twenty-two pounds heavier than the silage lot, but at the close the latter averaged four pounds heavier than the others.

The individual gains of the silage fed steers in every case were larger.

In making up the cost, corn was figured at 45 cents per bushel, cotton seed meal at $30 per ton, hay at $10 per ton, stover at $4 per ton and silage at $2.50 per ton.

The feed eaten by the stover fed steers cost $102.70, while that eaten by the silage fed steers cost $109.91.

While the difference in cost is very slight, the silage fed steers were in better general condition, and would probably have sold higher than the others on a discriminative market.

TO HOG OWNERS

Never feed corn alone to hogs. It is false economy.

Carelessness in handling pigs is a bad habit to acquire.

Even on cold days hogs should have plenty of good fresh air.

The idea that anything is good enough for a pig is a mistaken one.

Some corn-stalks may be fed to the porkers every day. They are sweet and do the hogs good.

Some farmers sell their corn shelled and others dispose of it in the ear, but western farmers find it most profitable to sell it in the hog.—Farm Journal.

GERMS IN HOG TROUGHS

The germs which cause any disease multiply in filth. The hog trough and swill barrel are the most common places around the hog pen where the disease germs multiply.

The average slop on which hogs are fed is made up of dish water and milk, with the probable addition of some kind of ground feed, which will ferment when water is added and make an additional amount of swill. Invariably this will be sour and often rancid when given to the hogs. In the particles a number of disease germs are present, and enter the hog's system through the slop.

The little slop which may remain in the trough becomes mixed with dirt, and in this other disease germs find an ideal place to multiply, so that by the next time the hogs are fed there will be enough present to give the disease a good start in the weaker ones.

We do not wish to be understood as condemning swill barrels or troughs. They are both very essential in the production of hogs, but in neither should the swill be allowed to sour and both should be kept perfectly clean. No more swill should be mixed than is necessary for one feed, and the barrel or vessel in which it is mixed should be washed out as soon as the swill is fed and then filled with water. The trough should be washed out before and after every feed. Some may say that this requires too much work, but it is the only way to insure a herd free from disease.

FIGHTING MITES

Mites can be eradicated better at this time of the year than at any other time. There are generally but a very few of them in the hen houses as compared with the number during the summer. If the poultry raiser is thorough in his methods of exterminating now he will have no trouble in holding them in check next spring and summer.

Early in the morning, as soon as the hens leave the roost, take a common machine oil can, fill it with kerosene and fill every crack and crevice on the roost full of oil. About the middle of the day close the house as nearly air tight as possible. Take an old kettle and fill it about half full of live wood coals. On the coals place a piece of tin. When the tin becomes red hot throw on a handful of sulphur; get out of the house as quickly as possible and close the door. As soon as the sulphur has burned out throw in another handful. Continue as you have used a half pound. By that time there will be but very few mites living. Repeat this every work for three weeks and you will have the pests nearly, if not completely destroyed.

The plan of whitewashing the roosts is effective if the paint comes in contact with the whitewash. So many of them, however, get into cracks and behind boards. These are not reached, and in a few weeks or a month they are as numerous as they were before the whitewash was used. Where the sulphur fumes are used the pests are destroyed, no matter where they seek refuge.

WINTER EGGS

Not many years ago the hens were not expected to lay to amount to anything in winter, and how many flocks do not pay their yearly bill. In cold weather, says the Chicago Weekly Inter Ocean,

A noted poultryman made the assertion that without winter eggs there is no profit in keeping chickens. Unquestionably he was right, for if the hens do not lay in winter, the feed they eat will consume all spring and summer profits. Hens can and will pay in winter if they are mature and are given the right feed and care.

It has been conceded by all that early hatched pullets make the best winter layers, and the reason is that they become mature before cold weather. Pullets hatched in February and March will often begin laying in August, and if one is strictly in the egg business all of the profits of winter laying should be hatched early enough so that they will begin laying at least by September or October, the time when eggs begin to increase in price. If the pullet begins to lay at this time she will not only pay big profits on her feed during the winter, but will also be a good layer in the spring.

Having the pullets and hens that are capable of laying during the winter, the next thing is to get them to laying. Make every effort early in the season to get them into the laying habit. Get them started once to laying and it is not very difficult to keep them laying. Make the henhouse and nests inviting and make conditions such that the hen will have every advantage. Keep them free from pests, feed them liberally with wheat, oats and skim milk and protect them at nights from dampness and cold. These are the things that count for winter laying.

FAT IN MILK

For all uses it is very desirable to have milk rich in cream or butter fat. Many people have held the idea that by giving cows feeds rich in oils or fat they would give milk richer in cream. This, however, has been carefully tested at experiment stations, with the result that the oil in feeds had no lasting value in increasing the butter fat in milk.

In nearly every case where oil was added to the feeds, or when the feeds rich in oil were used, the richness of the milk from the cows was increased something over 1 per cent for a few weeks and then the amount of butter fat gradually decreased to its normal standard. In like manner when oily feeds had been used and then suddenly withheld, the butter fat in the milk can be increased by special feeding, but as cows are naturally constituted it cannot be done. It is the nature of every individual cow to give milk of certain richness, and no manner of feeding will produce a heavy flow, and that is all.

The fact that all feeds are comparatively rich in carbohydrates, and these carbohydrates in the animal digestion are changed to fat. Any cow eats enough of the carbohydrates to make her milk as rich as separated cream, but the animal nature forbids it. The excess of carbon compounds is transformed into animal fat, heat and energy. The only way to increase the butter fat in milk is through selection and breeding cows that produce rich milk. Any one can do this.

Two Kinds.

Dibbs—He had an iron will.

Phibbs—I thought he was extremely mild.

Dibbs—That wasn't what I meant.

Phibbs—What then?

Dibbs—I referred to the fact that all he left his family was his Lake Superior mine.

How to Get Rid of Catarrh

A Simple, Safe, Reliable Way, and It Costs Nothing to Try.

Those who suffer from catarrh know its miseries. There is no need of this suffering. You can get rid of it by a simple, safe, inexpensive, home treatment discovered by Dr. Blosser, who, for over thirty-five years, has been treating catarrh successfully.

His treatment is unlike any other. It is not a spray, douche, salve, cream or inhaler, but is a more direct and thorough treatment than any of these. It cleans out the head, nose, throat and lungs so that you can again breathe freely and sleep without that stopped-up feeling that all catarrh sufferers have. It heals the diseased mucous membranes and arrests the foul discharge, so that you will not be constantly blowing your nose and spitting, and at the same time it does not poison the system and ruin the stomach, as internal medicines do.

If you want to test this treatment without cost, send your address to Dr. J. W. Blosser, 254 Walton Street, Atlanta, Ga., and he will send you by return mail enough of the medicine to satisfy you that it is all he claims for it as a remedy for catarrh, catarrhal headaches, catarrhal deafness, asthma, bronchitis, colds and all catarrhal complications. He will also send you free an illustrated booklet. Write him immediately.

INTERESTING OLD DOCUMENT

In 1828 Railroads Were Referred to as "a Device of Satan."

Illinois Central Employes' Magazine.

Alexander Wells, an old citizen of Wellsville, O., has a copy of an interesting and novel document issued by the school board of the town of Lancaster, O., in 1828. The question of steam railroads was in its incipient stage and a club of young men had been formed for the purpose of discussing the points at issue. They desired the use of the schoolhouse for purposes of debate. This was looked upon by the members of the school board as an innovation bordering upon sacrilege, as indicated, which is the document in the possession of Mr. Wells. It reads as follows:

"You are welcome to the use of the schoolhouse to debate all proper questions in, but such things as railroads and telegraphs are impossibilities and rank infidelity. There is nothing in the Word of God about them. If God had designed that his intelligent creatures should travel at the frightful speed of 15 miles an hour, by steam, he would clearly have foretold it through his holy prophets. It is a device of Satan to lead immortal souls down to hell."

Such sentiments possibly reflected the feeling, to some extent, in the days of 65 years ago, but they sound strange at the present time, when the "device of Satan" is daily carrying people over the land at the rate of 60 or 70 miles an hour. The world has progressed somewhat since 1828.

JEWS AND MIXED MARRIAGES

Rabb

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 6, 1909.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover each week all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the home of the free American people.

TERMS—POSTAGE PAID.

Single copy, weekly, one year, $1.00; six months, 60 cents; three months, 30 cents. Write for club terms.

SPECIMEN COPIES sent, postpaid, free to any address. Send for one, and at the same time give us the address of a dozen or so of your friends. Address THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

Entered at the postoffice at Toledo as second-class mail matter.

The Weekly Blade has over a million readers a week.

Zelaya is of the opinion that the climate of Mexico is going to agree with him.

A man can nearly always get his wife to listen to him if he talks love to her.

A professional gossip doesn't like to waste time on a woman who won't gossip back.

Evidently Col. Roosevelt won't feel satisfied until he has shot every animal in the dictionary.

People who argued that we wouldn't have any winter until next spring can now see how easy it is to be mistaken.

Keep one eye on the boy who wants to see what is on the inside of the new mechanical toy. He may be a genius.

This old-fashioned winter justifies the wisdom of the farmer who kept a sleigh for the hens to build nests in.

Not one man in a hundred understands the art of looking pleasant while digging a snowball out of his ear.

There is a baby boy in Washington who is the sole heir to $75,000,000. But just now he is satisfied with a 15 cent pacifier.

"Get married," says a Chicago bridegroom of 83 years. Question his advice, if you will, but you must admire his consistency.

Let's take a vote on this national song question. All who are in favor of Yankee Doodle, please hold up the right hand.

The court that ruled that a man need not tell how he wooed a woman was wise. Not many men could remember all the details.

Minister Wu says he will come back 50 years hence. By that time it is probable he will have a lot of new questions to ask.

Senator LaFollette has what the attending physician diagnoses as a carbuncle. But Uncle Joe Cannon would probably call it a judgment.

We have looked in vain for the argument that the late King Leopold and Baroness Vaughan were too friendly to have been husband and wife.

The Democrats have put Champ Clark in a peculiar position. He is too humorous to be a party leader and not funny enough to be a humorist.

"Ohio patriots never go far from home," says the Philadelphia Inquirer. They usually get as far as Washington, D. C., all right.

The Texas woman who wants a divorce because her husband is too tall must have married with the expectation of reforming the poor fellow.

When a brother of a genius gets his name in the newspapers it is usually through some explanation that he feels called upon to make for the family's sake.

The judge who decided that a man need not tell how he wooed a woman has evidently not forgotten that he was a wooer himself at one time.

Had Frederick A. Cook, instead of George Washington, cut the cherry tree the hatchet would never have become the emblem of truth and veracity.

Thomas A. Edison says he didn't know what to do with his first $40,000 check. It was a hard position to put a young man in, but he got out of it all right.

It is estimated that there are $20,000,000,000 worth of farms in the United States. Which Mr. J. P. Morgan will have to buy before he can own the earth.

The agricultural department at Washington has set out to produce a puckerless persimmon. If it accomplishes its purpose it will have achieved an alliterative triumph.

Deutsche Luftschiffahrts-Aktiongesellschaft is the name of a new airship company in Germany. Take it home and try it on your favorite musical instrument.

An Indiana man has given a new version of the prodigal son. After being away for 20 years, he returned home on Christmas and presented his parents with $5,000.

It is reported that there is a mortgage on Aunt Carrie Nation's home. But there is a probability that the announcement may have been made to discourage the men who want to marry her.

There are possibilities for growth in the story that George Washington ate with a knife. After it has traveled awhile it may have the father of his country eating cherry pie with a hatchet.

President Taft has decided that "whisky made of neutral spirits is whisky when reduced to potable strength." To the man who doesn't drink that ought to settle the question, and the man who does won't care.

A scientist declares there is only a slight theoretical possibility of a cataclysm that will cause the end of the world. But what does a scientist's theory amount to against a hunch received by an end of the world prophet?

AN AMERICAN.

America owes a debt of gratitude to the memory of Frederick Remington, whose death it was the unhappy duty of the newspapers to record last week.

Mr. Remington created a new school in drawing in this country. Many of his admirers have eclipsed him, having what Remington never had, the discipline of the academies and the long instruction in technique, the laws of perspective and anatomy. But it was Remington who overthrew the conventionalities to which artists had been kow-towing. He drew a prairie pony that looked like a pony, pictured an Indian such as anyone who ever saw an Indian might recognize, instead of a figure from the Leatherstocking tales, painted the cowboy as he was, not as some untraveled artist in Brookline, Mass., imagined he ought to be. It was charged, when the work of Remington began to appear, that it was photographic, as if this were a crime, an offense against art. His generous use of color was denounced, but it was absolutely faithful to the most marked feature of what is called the Painted Desert. Best of all, Remington chronicled types that are passing, or have now passed, so that the future may know how the voyageur du bois dressed, how appeared the bushy-haired trapper, the trader, the prospector, the cavalry soldier of days before the Spanish war, the freighter and the scores of types connected with the cattle trade. One may study his historical pictures and feel certain that thus the country was when La Salle's canoes were paddled into the Maumee, when the motley followers of Anthony Wayne felled the timbers for Fort Defiance, when the pioneer tilled his bit of patch between river bank and the menacing primeval forest.

A full catalogue of Remington's drawings would prove him to have been the most industrious of workers. Possession of all the reproductions of that work would be beyond price.

WATCH THE CENSUS.

The census enumerator will shortly be knocking at your door. He—or it may be she—will ask you questions of various hues and shapes and lengths. Many questions will seem ridiculous, many impudent, and not a few will put a test upon your familiarity with yourself and your affairs.

The census will go more smoothly and be more accurate than have been former enumerations if every aid is given the collector of information. Indeed, a penalty has been provided by congress for those who obstruct the business of the enumerators. But aside from the requirements of the national government it is important that local interest be considered. If one person within a section has been overlooked, if he has not been questioned or counted, one may be sure that many others have not been enumerated. This may amount to a very serious error in a community, a city be credited with a smaller population than it has, fewer industries, lesser wealth. As such figures must stand for ten years, it is of moment that they be true. Should you discover that the work is being done in a slip-shod manner in your part of town protest at once. It will be your duty as a citizen, as one with local pride and ambition, to do so.

"CONGRESS TO DETERMINE."

Postmaster General Hitchcock will never be charged with failure to keep a watchful eye upon that side of his bread which is buttered. As will be noted by those who read his report. Says Mr. Hitchcock:

> The congressional franks cost the government annually about $500,000. A greater loss, about $2,250,000, annually results from the free handling of official mail for executive departments other than the postoffice department. The annual cost of handling the free official mail of the postoffice department is estimated at about $3,000,000. If the several branches of the federal government were made to bear their proper share of the expense of transporting and handling mail, greater care would be taken, no doubt, in the exercise of the franking privilege and some saving to the government would accordingly result. The wisdom of doing away entirely with the franking privilege of official mail has been suggested, but this is a matter for congress to determine.

There is nothing here, you may observe, relative to the notorious abuse of the franking privilege on the part of members of congress. The postmaster general makes no suggestion that senators and representatives cease sending their household furniture to and from Washington through the third class mail, nothing about enforcing the law quoted upon the backs of official envelopes, "Penalty for private use $300." For "this is a matter for congress to determine." Yet, Mr. Hitchcock discovers no hesitancy in recommending that postage be raised on the second-class mail—which, by the way, is carried by the express companies, when available, much cheaper than by the government—that the rural delivery system be made more economical, that every residence be required to have a mailbox, that heavy mailings be sent to the postoffice in the morning instead of in the evening, that return address upon every envelope be made imperative.

The postmaster general did not stand behind the door when discretion was distributed in his family.

REVOLUTION IN CHINA.

William J. Calhoun, the newest American minister to China, has his work cut out for him. His career in the legation at Peking is like to be one of troublous times and difficulties. For China leans dangerously near to the abyss of revolution.

The government now in course of alteration in the empire has been a benevolent autocracy. Provinces, while going through the form of allegiance to the emperor, have ruled themselves for centuries very much as it pleased them. The country far distant from Peking hardly knew the governing power more than the little-known Tibetan district, dependent in name, but with the fullest privilege of autonomy. There are provinces, in fact, that are independent, acknowledging not even the symbol of the sovereign. In the last few years Peking has sought to bind the scattered fragments of empire together. It has had the star of popular government for its aim, pushing reforms, building up a state machinery and raising an army. But the task is a tremendous one—and, in the mind of the late Prince Ito, of Japan, almost hopeless. The revolution approaching is said to be as chaotic of purpose as the empire is of differing sectional elements. Reformers in the coast cities will have one end in view, the overthrow of the dynasty and the introduction of occidental methods. The rich central country was satisfied with the old regime and is rebellious under all suggestion for change. Manchuria would, if it could, provoke a war with Japan. And in all the back country the Boxer sentiment still smoulders.

A land with 400,000,000 souls involved in an uprising without a common idea or direction must soon be reduced to anarchy. The powers may again have to enter—not Peking alone, but scores of cities. The task of subduing the huge dragon would be tremendous. It may be that America may have to undertake a big share of the work.

SCIENCE.

Jared Bean was an almanac writer living in New Haven, Conn., in the last half of the Eighteenth century. Among the weather predictions for the year 1794 he presented the following:

January—I guess there will be a storm of snow about this time, then clear cold.

February—Clear and cold, good slaying if there be snow enough.

May—Heat increases as month ends.

July—Hot weather and thunder in many places.

September—Brisk S. wind with plenty of rain or I mistake.

The caution noticeable in the forecasts of Jared Bean must be interpreted as indicative of the benighted age in which he lived. Science had not yet become the handmaiden of the workaday world. The laws of nature were not understood, hardly guessed. Today—thanks to those who have dipped into the wisdom of the universe and brought up huge bucketsful—one has but to note the thickness of corn-husks and one can tell definitely just how the blizzards will bliz. The feathers on the Sunday chicken are, to anyone who understands their lore, as good as a magic telescope. The behavior of the ducks, the muskrats, the squirrels and the toadstools mean anything from the late Indian summer to early frostbites, from a season of low shoes to ice gorges, just as they behave. It would make Jared Bean bow his head with shame were he to behold Foster nonchalantly announcing that December 16 would be the warmest day of the month—and coming within 45 degrees of it. He would have abandoned the almanac trade had he learned that in time a Hicks and a Busby would be born who could call off the state of weather for any given hour to come as a train announcer calls off stations.

It takes a contrast such as Jared Bean affords to make us realize how marvelous has been the progress of science. Doesn't it?

THE WAR STILL ON.

The expansion of Germany, according to a London source of information, has been elaborately planned in Berlin. It calls for conflict with Britain and the seizure of the English colonies, for the fullest possession of the little kingdom of Luxemburg, of Denmark, Holland and Belgium, and eventual union with Austria-Hungary, virtually the Germanization of Europe.

The dust of the parliamentary campaign in Great Britain only slightly dims the wild signalling of the warscare party. It declines to take a back seat while the lords and the commons struggle for control. The speeches of both Unionists and Liberals are interlarded with comments upon the threats of the Germans, and in the heavy reviews appear learned dissertations upon the political movements across the North sea, the naval program and teh immediate need of enforced military service.

In line with the London "exposure" of the conquest plans of the Kaiser, is an editorial translated from the Paris Intransigeant by the Literary Digest:

> The North Sea will never be the home of Germany's navy until the scene of Van Tromp's exploits and maneuvers falls under the domination of the German flag. This, perhaps, is one of those irrefragable facts of politics that make the idea of universal and persistent peace so much of an optimistic dream. At the present time Europe trusts to the influence of Austria and France to preserve the Netherlands as a sort of neutral ground in Europe—the only kingdoms which enjoy security from the very fact of their insignificance.
>
> The smoke of the battle in England, when it clears, will doubtless show the camps of the war party larger and more bristling than ever.

THE ADVANCE GUARD.

"To the clouds in spring," is the slogan of those who play in the aeronautical game. It is to be a wonderful season for airships and aeroplanes. Flights more daring are to be attempted and figures more elaborate are to be cut in the atmosphere.

But, for the moment, we are interested in the projects of the adventurous group which may be described as the independent scouts of aerial navigation. For instance, we learn that Colonel H. P. Shirley, of Nashville, Tenn., is to strap a 20-foot balloon upon his back and proceed to swarm up the icy sides of Mt. McKinley. There is said to be a wind upon mountain summits that is used to having its own way. One can but entertain a curiosity as to the outcome when the Alaskan breezes and the balloon of Colonel Shirley hold their controversy. Professor Hergesell, of Berlin, has just arrived in New York from the West Indies, where he made a study of air-currents. He has plans for sailing to the North Pole in a dirigible. An interview with Walter Wellman will, of course, be a part of Professor Hergesell's program before he returns to Berlin. The revenue cutter Perry, now in southern California waters, is to serve as a target for balloonists who believe that bombs from aloft can be dropped with effective aim and disaster upon an enemy.

Imagination, according to all modern psychologists, is a necessity to advancement. When you read the announcements of the aeronautical guerrillas you have something with which to gauge the astonishing speed of our progress.

THE LIFE-SAVERS.

The life-saving service rendered aid to 1,319 of the 1,376 vessels which met with disaster in the last fiscal year. The lives of nearly 9,000 persons were put in peril by these wrecks, but thanks to the vigilant guards, only thirty lives were lost.

The report of the superintendent of the life-saving service, just made public, shows the work of the members of the stations has been broadened of late. For example the guards came to the help of five automobiles which had gone astray in marshes or were imperiled in quicksands. A woman "about to be hurled over a bluff" was rescued by a life-guard single handed. A man who had fallen through the ice, another lost in a swamp and a third who was intoxicated and about to roll from a wharf were restored to firm ground. Two persons who had climbed 100 feet up the side of a cliff and could neither go higher nor return were saved, and a man about to commit suicide was persuaded to alter his intention.

The life-saving crews have been called heroes until they are sick of the word. Yet we know no others who play heroic parts with more daring and greater spirit. Their recognition in a money way is small and the tenure of employment uncertain. If civil pensions are to be granted, the life-savers should be included within the act.

BACK-FIRE.

Isn't the conservative movement getting a little snarled? News comes from the west that commercial organizations in Washington, Oregon, Idaho and Montana, under the banner of conservation, are demanding that the states be given full control of water power, coal lands and other resources within their borders, now held under title of the federal government.

It is only recently that the people of the United States have come to realize that gifts of extraordinary value have been given away for songs. It is this realization which is now holding up the entry of the billion-dollar coal fields in Alaska. Washington has played a big part in the exploitation of Uncle Sam's property. It was learned recently that the ramifications of the Cunningham trickeries involved prominent citizens in Oregon and Idaho, not to mention a few representatives and senators. In Montana water rights and mineral property worth empires have passed from federal control forever.

This protest of commercial bodies looks suspiciously like the back-fire of the discredited Mitchells, Fultons and Heyburns.

AMBITION.

The tightest and darkest closet was once thought the proper place for the family skeleton. This was the old-fashioned view. The idea today is to stage it.

If one is to trust the literature of the last 10 or 15 years there is a devastating flame which burns in the heart of all members of the New York's "exclusive set." This is to be a society leader, or, being one, to remain a leader. The climber climbs for the sake of getting into society, slowly, carefully, indefatigably, but once in, the climber becomes in common with the company absorbed by the ambition to be listed among the "headliners." The second ladder is more difficult than the first. Not the strong, but only the most clever can mount its rounds. The pinnacle at the top has been reached by a "monkey dinner," when the erection of a turreted court-house on a Fifth avenue lot failed to achieve the goal. Taking a midnight plunge in a public fountain has triumphed in the struggle when the building of a 9,000-ton steam yacht was futile.

It is plain New York society likes best that which is bizarre, novel, daring. For those only who can bring the zest of enjoyment back to jaded palates are there gifts. Perhaps the Gould and the Brokaws realize this and are parading their menageries in hopes of drawing the longed for receipts—leaderships in the "Four Hundred."

PREACHERS OF SOCIALISM.

The Sheffield Farms company has a capitalization of $500,000, more than $300,000 of which is "good will, etc." It paid 15 per cent dividends last year and so far this year it has made 22 per cent, besides bringing the surplus up to $962,672, or nearly twice the capital stock.

The Borden Condensed Milk company, with a capital of $20,000,000, three-fourths of which is represented by "good will and trade marks," has acquired a surplus of $8,824,230 in 10 years. It made a clear profit of $1,076,772 on the sales of fluid milk and cream alone in Chicago and New York in the nine months of 1909 ending with September 30.

The Alexander Campbell Milk company made 25 per cent profit in the six months ending June 1.

These companies are members of the so-called milk trust. Recently they raised the price of milk from 8 cents a quart to 9, saying that they were losing money at the old figure.

The fundamental principle of Socialism is the national possession of all the sources of production. Who is the more convincing exponent of the doctrines of Socialism, Eugene Debs or the greedy among the corporations?

A PROGRAM FOR CONSERVATION.

There is only one practical method of settling the fog-like dispute between the chief forester and the secretary of the interior. This is to frame new laws which will give the resources owned by the federal government the fullest protection and, at the same time, give Mr. Ballinger clearly defined statutes upon the interpretation of which there is no possibility of his going astray.

The land laws are in a sadly muddled state. Most of them are entirely unsuitable to this day when western land is no longer cheap, when forest acreage means a good deal more than so much timber awaiting the axe and the saw, when the development of coal property does not have to wait on the slow process of settlement. A way must be found to keep out the shark, the crook and the "power of attorney" agent of political pools—creatures who have fattened themselves and opened the path to the trough for others of their kind.

There could be no one more fitted to the task of preparing legislation in the interests of conservation than Secretary Ballinger. He has several times declared that he was friendly to the cause; he has delivered an official expression of his sympathy with it in his annual report and he has called for an inquiry into the conduct of his office. By writing laws in keeping with the conservation idea he will prove his sincerity; by doing it to the satisfaction of the country, which will be his judge, he will do more to bring himself vindication than a thousand requests for a congressional trial. He cannot dare, even if he is so minded, to leave any loophole, for the mineral and water-power trusts with whom it has been charged he is on too familiar terms.

THE FUNERAL FEAST FOR 1909.

The man who invented a process by which printing paper could be made from the pulp of spruce has been both blessed and cursed. The material he gave the world was much in demand and he gave it for a low price. But in another sense also is the material cheap. It will not last. Its life is circumscribed. Open the file of a newspaper of 10 years ago and compare it with the paper used 30 years ago. The older paper is pure and white and strong. The newer issue is yellowed and crumbling. Even where carefully guarded from grime and damp, the newspaper of today will be but dust a half century hence.

Yet, is this to be regretted? Is it of great importance that chronicles of today, the books, the magazines, the sermons and lectures and tracts, and laws be saved as we have been used to saving the writings of our fathers?

The custom of speeding the old year out with gayety has been growing with Americans in recent times. The speeding becomes more hilarious with every December. The old year departs to louder jeers, to noisier expression of contempt. May not this custom have a graver meaning than might be judged by the singing and the cheering? The past is dead. It is gone. Let it be forgotten. Give us the courage not to review the sins and mistakes and failures of last year, but to face the new year blithely, with eyes unblinking. There is no terror in a day whose sun has set. All the uncertainty of life lies ahead. If there is an unconscious wording within the revelry of New-Year's eve it is, "We cast the cloak of the past behind us."

Mankind has been inspirited greatly of late by the wonderful prizes which the scientific folk have laid before the world. We have come to know that the people of other ages walked in a sort of twilight, not aware of, not guessing at the marvelous things which lay but a step from the roadside. And even now we feel that the explorers of nature have ventured only a little way into the realms of marvels. There are things to come of which we, as those of the older age, are unaware, unable to guess—things blessing and beautiful, that will bring us nearer that goal of humanity which surely is universal happiness.

So isn't it just as well that the records of years spent and done for are yellowing and crumbling? Isn't it better that we have taken to loading the bearer of yesterdays with contempt and welcoming the infant tomorrows with hearts unafraid?

THE POPULARITY OF "DIXIE."

The chief of the music division of the library of congress issued a little book upon the history of the national songs a few days ago. After reviewing Yankee Doodle, Hail Columbia, The Star Spangled Banner, America, and other airs, he announced that Dixie was the most popular of all the patriotic tunes.

This was a very untactful thing for this expert to do. He has been deluged with letters in which he is pronounced a traitor, an idiot and a liar. New and highly interesting insults pour in with every mail. Threats are common and one or two of the communications suggest the advisability of suicide as the only practicable close to a career of shame.

How is one to judge which tune is the most popular? The chief of the division of music gained his impression of the popularity of Dixie, without doubt, by the applause which follows and sometimes attends its playing in theatres, in park stands and during parades. There is something about Dixie which causes a singular desire to yell, and since everyone doesn't think it proper to shout, nearly everyone applauds with the hands. But these manifestations of approval of Dixie may be confined to the south and in the north to the bigger cities. Elsewhere Dixie may be held in as great disapproval as it was throughout the civil war. The protests in Washington are said to come mostly from union veterans and their wives and daughters. The soldiers should remember that Dixie was originally a northern song and was sung for a season or so, to the exclusion of almost all other popular songs, in the state which furnished the greatest number of recruits to put down the rebellion. Dixie was stolen by the southerners, but they had a precedent for the theft. Yankee Doodle was played by the British in derision of the Americans before the revolutionists seized it and utilized it as a marching and fighting tune.

Prof. Lowell and British astronomers are having a controversy over the possible existence of canals on Mars. When it comes to seeing things on Mars we are ready to bet our red apple on the American professor.

There are people in the world who seem to mistake parsimony for religion, and they expect the Lord to give them a death grip on every dollar they get in their fingers.

A married man should be the last to doubt a woman's ability to keep a secret. The average wife knows a lot of things about her husband that she could not be hired to tell.

We can't recall the name of the athlete who made the record high jump of 1909, but the dull thud honors of the year belong to Dr. Frederick A. Cook.

The demand for diamonds is increasing. Fresh egg sales remain about the same, with prices firm.

HIGHER FOOD TO COME?

The high prices received for farm products in 1909 is proving an incentive to breaking new ground, planting more fields in grain and possibly it will cause many men who have gone to the cities from the country to return to the soil.

A writer in the Independent thinks, however, that foodstuffs must go higher before there will be an appreciable turn in the movement of occupations. He says:

> Despite the increased cost of provisions in the past few years, I doubt if the farmer has begun to feel the advance. Cost of production has increased. Think of the single item of the cost of fighting quack grass, which has spread through thousands of square miles that it knew not a generation ago. Farming is 20 per cent slower where this pest exists. We have dozens of insects preying upon both plants and animals, which our grandfather never saw, and this means poisons and washes and machines to apply them to say nothing of the time spent in applying them. Soil depletion means more fertilizer and the price of fertilizer does not merely increase. It jumps.
>
> The price of provisions will continue to rise. Farmers are not going to stay on the farm unless they can make as much as the other men. When they can the pleasure of being their own boss will counterbalance isolation and monotony. Prices of food will go up enough to keep the farmer on the farm and even drive some of the town laborers to the farm. This will happen before there has been much farm desertion in the west and it will repopulate some of the abandoned eastern farms.

The farmer, while seldom a spendthrift, rarely has an accurate understanding of the condition of his own finances. He has thousands of dollars in land, domestic animals, barns and machinery and is apt to consider these as full evidence of wealth while, at the same time, he is compelled to stint his family and himself in clothing, food and the means of comfortable living. There must come a better balance between investment and returns before the countryfolk will strive eagerly and sincerely to keep their children from the cities.

The new senator from Mississippi talks something like a statesman. He declares that if he cannot do the country any good he will be sure not to do it any harm.

Census enumerators are going to ask 32 questions, and in addition they may have something to say about the weather.

Marriage should not be declared a failure simply because Mr. Brokaw could not have his own way.

At last the suffragettes are on the right track. They are learning how to get off a street car.

Discovers Them on the Sly.

Washington Post.

At a dinner recently Prof. Percival Lowell told an amusing story of an old woman he once had as housekeeper, to whom he made a sporting offer.

"Janet," he said to her one day, "the very next planet I discover I will make you a present of five dollars."

"You are very kind, sir," she replied, "and I am sure I hope you will soon discover one."

Several months went by, and no planets were discovered.

"The fact of the matter is, ma'am," confided the old woman at last to Mrs. Lowell. "I do think the professor goes out at night and discovers planets on the sly."

Hunt of the Illusory.

Kansas City Star.

Lieut. Shackelton tells how, when in the antarctic wastes he and his companions sustained their spirits and their bodies as well when supplies had to be cut down to a minimum, by dwelling upon the glorious eating they would have on returning to headquarters. The value of such mental sustenance has long been recognized by up-to-date commanders. There was the German officer in the war of 1870 who sustained the flagging spirits and weary legs of his men by shouting: "Get in a brewery inside that town. Let us get there before anybody else!" History relates that the men did get there with remarkable speed. Equally shrewd was that Japanese commander in the Manchurian war, who, seeing his men exhausted with thirst, and knowing full well the wonderful properties of pickled plums, cried out: "Two miles from here there is a forest of plums." The anticipated plums went far to relieve their parched mouths.

King Edward and the Church.

The king follows the example of Queen Victoria in attending the services of the kirk when staying in Scotland. Like her, he is an Anglican at Carlisle and a Presbyterian at Lockerbie. High churchmen have been bitterly annoyed by the rigorous fashion in which the Scottish Episcopal church has always been ignored by the court. This intruding and very pushing sect has never been recognized at Balmoral in any way whatever and the hope that better times would arrive with a new reign has been entirely disappointed.—London Truth.

Lawyers' Wills.

London Chronicle.

A remarkable specimen of a lawyer's invalid will was that of Sir Joseph Jekyll, master of the rolls, who died in 1738 and bequeathed his fortune after his wife's death to pay off the national debt. "Sir Joseph was a good man and a good lawyer," was Lord Mansfield's comment, "but his bequest was a very foolish one. He might as well have attempted to stop the middle arch of London Bridge with his full bottomed wig." The testator's patriotic intentions were therefore treated as proof of mental weakness, and his will was promptly set aside.

Among the many blundering wills that lawyers have made for their clients, if not for themselves, the strangest on record was that of a Dublin gentleman who left all his money to the older son of his brother, and if he had no elder son, to the second.

Election Expenses.

London Chronicle.

Sir F. Delaval totalled seven votes in an attempt on Andover in the general election of 1768. An item in his election agent's bill is typical of the reckoning he had to pay: "To being thrown out of the George inn, Andover, to my legs being thereby broken, to surgeon's bill and loss of time and business, all in the service of Sir F. Delaval, £500." Then in later times Lord Llandaff won Dungarvan in 1868. The item, "£547, whiskey," caused an eyebrow to twitch, and he faintly protested. "Begorra," said his election agent, "if ye want to squeeze a pippin like that ye'll never do for Dungarvan."

SUNDAY SCHOOL

A MAN AND HIS METTLE

International Sunday School Lesson for January 9 Is "The Baptism and Temptation of Jesus." Matt. 3:13-17; 4:1-11.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

The battleship Utah, the largest warship afloat, was launched a few days ago; but before she is accepted or put into commission she must be tested. So with the machinery that is to go into her; the severest proving must be given it before the government will take it over. Likewise with her guns; they, too, must be tried in every possible way to see if they are fit. Although possessed of the form and stature of a warship, the Utah must overcome the strenuous tests which bar her entrance upon a warship's career.

So it is with a man. Youth, grown to manhood's estate, must prove its manliness. Until he has come through some great testing, we cannot be sure that the young man has entered into manhood's inheritance. As with warships, so with men; their mettle must be demonstrated. A some what tragic phase of the life of the boy who, arrived at years of maturity, goes forth into the world, is that his knowledge of men and of himself is so largely theoretical, rather than experimental. Even his religoin may be of the hothouse variety, never having been subjected to the chilling blasts of the world of actualities. Afterward, there comes into his voice the note of certitude, and he treads as one who knows himself and his work. He has been "tried on;" and he has "made good."

At the outset of his public career Jesus proved his mettle. Equipped by the ecstatic and transporting spiritual experience of his baptism, and by the soul-wrenching wilderness battle with temptation, he went forth to his work of teaching and healing and helping, confident in his own powers. He had been tested, and he had come forth victorious. Other temptations would assail him, of course, but Satan had done his worst, and in vain.

Standing by the Best.

The greater linked itself with the lesser when Jesus went down to Jordan and joined himself to John the Baptist. He sets an example of standing by the best in sight, and not spurning it because it is not better. Some men refuse to join church because the church is not big enough or good enough. Waiving all consideration of the modesty or accuracy of this diagnosis of the church, it is to be pointed that a person betters himself, the world, and the cause he joins, by identifying himself with the best he can find. The Baptist's ministry was inadequate, but it was headed right. Therefore Jesus yielded allegiance to it.

This was a kind of following the fashion which has sound warrant. There is a sense in which conformity to existing usages is the real mark of greatness. The person who breaks loose from all the established conventions, dressing in unusual fashion and assuming to be a law unto himself in all social relationships, is not usually a great man, but only a freak. The wise person employs as his well-trained servants, who help smooth life's course for him, all the social usages of the sphere in which finds himself. If he is in New York, he conforms so far as is proper to New York ways; if in China, to Chinese ways.

Not very different is the matter of religion. The sensible man can get along very well with any one of the established communions; it is usually the weak, the vain and the sentimental who flock off into peculiar and superior sects, which consider themselves above all churches. Jesus was content to be baptised with John's baptism. In that experience he had the approval of the opened heavens and the Father's voice, "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased."

The Price of Peace.

Straightway, following the leading of the inner light that was ever his guide, Jesus went from the Jordan's banks to the wilderness of testings. He had to be alone for this ordeal; as, indeed, the soul is always alone in its crisis hours. Here, after 40 days of hunger he underwent the proving of his humanity, as well as the testing of his divinity. Born the Prince of Peace, he began his reign with a struggle.

Thus was figured forth the eternal truth that the way of God is a way of war. Rev. Charles Brown states the principle thus: "The pure heart comes through wrestling with principalities and powers. The pure life is won by the man who will take to him. The pure faith and church is gained by men like Savonarola, and Luther and the early Separatists, who will fight corruption and superstition and priestcraft, and endure scorn and suffering and martyrdom to right the wrong. Justice in the commonwealth, between class and class, church and church, school and school, man and man, will come through men who are not afraid of strife. So let us aim after a peace that is based on the will of God—the peace of a good conscience and an obedient heart. It will come as the life is overhauled, cleansed and reformed, and it will come then to abide."

Is There a Devil?

The devil has gone out of fashion, but not out of business. It is not considered good modern form or good modern theology to recognize a personal devil. These hoofprints over the day's newspapers are, if you please, merely marks of the struggle of the human soul in its evolution upward. Yet some of us who are not keen on theology seem to see that the evolution which leaves out God and the devil is a devolution—or a devil-ution. Pinned down to a choice between a definite devil, a malign personality invested with the power of the pit, and a human nature that is innately devilish, I prefer to take the devil himself, and save my self-respect. If it is the way of human nature to do the deeds that make up so large a part of the day's news, then I want to move into some other safer society—say the mollusks or polyps.

Jesus met the devil. That is the plain teaching of scripture; and it is in consonance with all human experience. Jesus did not go into the wilderness to be tempted of Himself. Just as most persons know from their own heart-biography that there is a Power outside of self which makes for righteousness, so there is likewise a power that makes for unrighteousness. The preachers are not so far wrong as some sociologists would make out in whanging away at the devil. For the elimination of all the evil on earth must be defeated ere the new social order can come in. Still it remains true that the blight of the time is not the trusts nor industrial despotism nor class distinctions nor race prejudices; but that old enemy of mankind, sin. When sin is overcome, all its attendant train of evils disappear.

The Peril of Short Cuts.

Everybody is attacked at his point of least resistance. The hungry man's temptations come, as did that of Jesus, through proffered food. The lonely, misunderstood woman's temptation comes in the form of companionship and sympathy. The poor man's temptation comes in the guise of wealth. This subtlety of temptation is always to be borne in mind. And, further, that temptation is not necessarily a defeat, but rather a chance for victory.

There is a modern maudlin, novel-writing school of philosophers who assume that of course temptations are to be yielded to. This sort of literature seldom affirms the doctrine, "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you." The new fashion of the sentimentalists is to give up all idea of resisting temptation; instead, temptation is to be coddled and cherished? So we have it pictured that, because a woman finds fault with her husband and domestic cares not quite to her liking, she is to shovel the ten commandments, and all the old code of decent living, into the ash-barrel, while she runs off with some smooth-talking scoundrel. And the young man in our modern novel finds virtue not easy, so he jilts her and goes the way of folly; to be hailed therefor as a hero.

Indeed we need to study a lesson on temptation, to learn how to fight and to overcome; and to see in the example of Jesus that "The Easiest Way" (as a current problem play is called) is not the divine way, but the way of the devil. For the temptation of Jesus is a study in the avoidance of short-cuts. Satan tried to beguile Jesus into accepting some other way than God's way. What he proposed was not wicked in itself, so much as it was a compromise with the evil one; a dethronement of God from his place of prominence.

It was natural of Jesus to want bread; but it would have been ignoble of him, at the evil one's bidding, to employ his highest powers for lowest uses. To have tested God by an idle leap from the temple's pinnacle would likewise have been a needless violation of God's orderly way of working. And to bend the knee to Satan, in order to acquire world-dominion without traveling the bitter way of suffering, sacrifice and surrender, would have been to strike hands with the adversary whom he had come into the world to fight.

The Conquering Sword.

That he might be closest brother to every son of man, Jesus underwent all human experiences. "In that he himself hath suffered, being tempted, he is able to succor them that are tempted." He met temptation, with the full possibility of yielding to it, even as every mortal must face temptation, with the full responsibility of yielding to it, even as every mortal must face temptation. He conquered Satan by no power which may not be used by every other child of God. The weapons which Christ wielded are all ours.

As good books, noble memories, exalted thoughts are as armor of defense to the soul, so Jesus found his weapon in the armory of Holy Writ. "It is written," was the sword that thrice thrust the adversary back in defeat. Before the Word of God, temptation cowers and shrinks. The best equipment for life's inevitable temptations is a knowledge of Scripture. To know the will of God is to be able to thwart the will of the devil.

Varieties

Japan has few millionaires and practically no multimillionaires.

In Russia the railway gauge is five feet, as again 4 feet 8½ inches in this country.

New York has more electric meters than any other city in the world. There are 108,500 of them.

The first national English Thanksgiving was on September 8, 1588, for the defeat of the Spanish Armada.

The soya bean of China has entered into competition in Europe with American cottonseed products.

The Japanese "Hello!" at the telephone is "Moshi moshi!" or "Ano ne!" with the accept on the "nay."

Pawnshops in Chile are under special regulations of the general government, enforced by local authorities.

New York City's assessed real estate value is more than that of the entire states of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois.

The Chilean government has several engineering corps in the field studying different methods and systems of irrigation.

Most of the milk used in Siam is imported in condensed form, few of the natives keeping cows or goats or using their milk.

Tracing the criminal by his finger prints was successfully accomplished at Scotland Yard, London, last year, in no fewer than 9,140 cases.

Fujiyama, the volcano that appears in all Japanese pictures, is 12,885 feet high and 10,000 pilgrims ascend it every year.

When George Osborn, a jeweler of New Haven, Conn., took apart an old clock, brought to him to be repaired, he found $150 in greenbacks tucked in the back of it.

It is estimated that there are about 11,000 professional thieves in New York city. Those who steal only when the opportunity is offered have not been estimated.

A monument recently was erected in Nuremberg, Germany, to the memory of Peter Henlen, who first substituted springs for weights in the clock and made the watch possible.

As a weaver, nature is an exceedingly neat worker. Certain tree barks and leaves furnish excellent cloth, such as, for instance, the famous tapa cloth used in the South Sea Islands.

According to the Hospital, London, some English physicians are ordering patients to eat oysters that have been well soaked in sea water as a cure for dyspepsia and tuberculosis.

New York tradesmen find that extremes meet when they have their greatest trouble in collecting money from customers who have no money and from customers who have the most money.

There were only two English Thanksgivings in the last century. One was on February 27, 1872, for the recovery of the Prince of Wales from illness; the other, June 21, 1887, for the queen's jubilee.

A concession has been granted to the Marconi company of Buenos Ayres, which is capitalized at about $12,000,000 to erect a powerful station at Punta del Este, but thus far no progress has been reported.

The estimate for dividends in the United States in 1909 is $396,000,000 a gain of $30,000,000 over 1908. The largest dividend payers for the year are Standard Oil, $39,325,353 and United States Steel, $39,206,096.

Berlin has a population of 3,000,000, has an annual fire loss of less than $175,000. Its fire department costs a little over $300,000. Chicago's fire loss is $5,000,000 and its fire department costs over $3,000,000. Chicago's population is two-thirds that of Berlin.

At 16 Bacon pointed out the errors of Aristotle's philosophy; Edward Landseer gained fame by his pictures "Dogs Fighting," and Dibdin, the writer of sea songs, staged his first comedy, "The Shepherd's Artifice," at Covent Garden.

At 17 Washington Irving was delighting the readers of the Morning Chronicle; Halevy obtained the first prize of the Academy of Paris for his cantata of "Herodine," and Chatterton, perhaps England's greatest literary prodigy, died by his own hand.

Today there are in Europe 160 cities having more than 100,000 of which 55 have more than 250,000. There are 25 cities with more than 500,000 people and 7 with more than 1,000,000. These are, London, 4,750,000; Paris, 2,700,000; Berlin, 2,200,000; Vienna, 2,000,000; St. Petersburg, 1,430,000; Moscow, 1,350,000, and Constantinople, 1,100,000.

The educational test for pharmacists in Turkey is not on drugs, chemicals, etc.; it is on arithmetic, the Turkish and French languages and general smattering. Still, many Turks go to the native dry goods or grocery store for their favorite remedies—oil, tallow, candle plasters, linseed poultices and stuff for camomile teas, etc.

Dr. Carl Webber, still practicing in New York city, performed in 1868 the first

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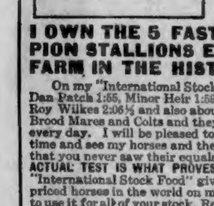

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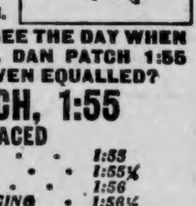

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Easy to put on, requires no tools but a hatchet or a hammer. With ordinary care will outlast any other kind. Thousands of satisfied customers everywhere have proven its virtues. Suitable for covering any building. Also best for ceiling and siding. FIRE-PROOF AND LIGHTNING PROOF. Cheaper and more lasting than shingles. Will not taint rain water. Makes your building cooler in summer and warmer in winter. Absolutely perfect. Brand new. $1.60 is our price for our No. 10 grade of Flat Semi-Hardened Steel Roofing and siding, each sheet 24 in. wide and 6 or 8 ft. long. Our price on the Corrugated, like illustration, sheets 23 in. wide and 6 or 8 ft. long, $1.65. Steel Pressed Brick Siding. PER SQUARE, $1.65. Fine Steel Beaded Ceiling, PER SQUARE, $1.85. Also furnish Standing Seam and "V" Crimped Roofing. WE PAY THE FREIGHT to all points east of Colorado except Okla., Tex., and Ind. Ter. Quotations to other points on application. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONEY REFUNDED. We ship this roofing to anyone answering this ad., C. O. D. with privilege of examination if you send us 25 per cent of the amount of your order in cash; balance to be paid after material reaches your station. If not found as represented, we will cheerfully refund your deposit. ASK FOR CATALOG NO. K. C. 207. Lowest prices on Roofing, Eave Troughs, Wire, Pipe, Fencing, Plumbing, Doors, Household Goods and everything needed on the farm or in the home.

Chicago House Wrecking Co., 35th & Iron Sts., Chicago

IN ACCORD WITH KNOX

Washington, Dec. 30.—Gov. Enrique Creel, of Chihuahua, and special envoy from Mexico to the United States in the Nicaraguan affair, today gave an authorized statement regarding his present mission to this country. Gov. Creel declared that he had accomplished his task with gratifying results. The resignation of Zelaya and succession of President Madriz had ended many difficulties and prevented anarchy, he declared, and peace and patriotism were now finding their way on both sides in Nicaragua. The granting of asylum to Zelaya by Mexico, said Governor Creel, was in no sense an act of unfriendliness to the United States. Governor Creel's statement in full follows:

"It is due to the press and to the public that I should make the following statements:

"First—I have accomplished the work of my mission with gratifying and satisfactory results.

"Second—The resignation of President Zelaya was the proper way for him to end his administration under the prevailing circumstances. Such action has avoided many difficulties.

"Third—The asylum granted by Mexico to ex-President Zelaya was in full accord with the law of nations and under no consideration unfriendly to the United States.

"Fourth—The election by the national congress of Dr. Jose Madriz, as provisional president of Nicaragua, was a happy event, because it prevented anarchy and a second revolution and further complications with the United States.

"Fifth—The elements of peace and the patriotism of the Nicaraguans are finding their way on both sides; and it is to be desired that successful negotiations may follow, if not on the first tentative, after a full consideration of the case, and by the support of high principles, love to their country and the action of blood and sentiments of members of the same family.

"Sixth—So far as Mexico is concerned, the policy of my government, always friendly to the United States, has been well understood and appreciated by President Taft and Secretary Knox. They have both been kind enough to congratulate me.

"Seventh—The United States and Mexico will continue acting and cooperating in full accord to consolidate peace in Central America, to give solid consistence to the Washington conventions of 1907, and to develop a feeling of high respect to the international court of Cartago."

Gov. Creel will leave for home immediately after January 1. He had no further diplomatic duties to perform here, he said, but had remained a day or two longer than he intended in order to accept a breakfast invitation from Secretary Knox.

MAY QUIT $75,000 JOB

Shonts to Become Manager of Hawley System, It Is Said.

New York, Dec. 30.—Theodore P. Shonts is to retire from the presidency of the Interborough Rapid Transit company and the Interborough Metropolitan company, February 1, to become general manager of the Hawley lines, according to a report current in Wall street.

Mr. Shonts was out of the city today, but his secretary said there was nothing to the report, which, however, remained persistent, with the added detail that he was to be succeeded by C. H. Ackert, vice president and general manager of the Southern railway. Mr. Shonts has been at the head of the subway and elevated lines since March, 1907.

Changes in the management of the Interborough Metropolitan system are contemplated, it is said, because of the friction of the present regime with the public service commission. Mr. Shonts' position pays approximately $75,000 a year.

BRUTAL TO LOCK HIM UP

Morse, Starting for Prison, Denounces Administration of the Law.

New York, Jan. 3.—With a supreme effort to be cheerful, but with emotion occasionally getting the better of him, Charles W. Morse left New York yesterday to begin serving a 15-years' sentence in the federal prison at Atlanta, Ga., imposed upon him for violation of the national banking laws.

Before leaving the Tombs, where he had been confined for the greater part of the past year, Morse received his wife and two sons and then the newspaper men. He was too affected to say anything, but he handed out a carefully prepared statement of comment on his case. The general understanding was that his wife was to accompany him south, but it could not be ascertained whether she was on the same train with him.

Morse left Jersey City on the Birmingham flyer of the Southern railway at 10:45 a. m., in custody of deputy United States marshals. The party occupied a state room. Morse's statement is bitter and dramatic.

"I am going to Atlanta to begin penal servitude under the most brutal sentence ever pronounced against a citizen in a civilized country," is his opening sentence.

"I have hoped," the statement continued, "with that hope which comes from a consciousness of my innocence that I will not have to close out forever the light and liberty of this world under such an inhuman sentence. I had felt that the fact that I had paid a fine of $7,000,000 and served a year in prison would satisfy the cry for a victim, and I have steadily believed that the courts would be compelled to give me a new trial. When I learned that the private detectives of the prosecution were the keepers of the jury, that the jury drank like men upon a jaunt or a holiday rather than citizens engaged in a serious service, and that as a result two of them were rendered unfit, I naturally hoped that I would be allowed another trial by another jury free of these hostile influences.

"It seems, however, that the courts intend to establish the practices which make rum drinking a part of jury service and private detectives as the custodians of a jury a permanent institution. By this sentence and judgment I may be brought to ruin; but the danger done to me is not half as important as the injury to the administration of justice. I am now up in years and must with the passing of time pass away, but the record of my conviction and the way it was brought about will remain a lasting and dangerous example of a government gone mad in search of a victim.

"Whether I shall serve my full sentence I am not able to say, much depending upon how the government at Washington shall look upon it. I have great faith that all right thinking men and women who know of me and my case and who realize the inhumanity of my sentence, will make known their feelings to the president. Whatever the future may hold in store—liberty or imprisonment—I shall endeavor to meet in the same way I have struggled against the misfortunes of the past two years."

A few minutes before the train departed Harry and Benjamin Morse appeared for another farewell to their father. He gave them a fond embrace and wept as they left him. Morse braced himself for a final picture at the hands of a crowd of newspaper photographers, but he said nothing. He read a newspaper after he had boarded the car.

Keep Up the Fight.

Mrs. Charles W. Morse, who follows her husband today to Atlanta to visit him in his cell at the federal prison there, will take up at once and in earnest the fight for his freedom.

Mrs. Morse continues to declare her belief that a crying injustice has been done the banker and refuses to believe that he will be compelled to serve out his sentence of 15 years' confinement.

"Today," said Mrs. Morse, "I go to Atlanta. In two or three days I shall come back and work for a pardon. If there is a chance of seeing my husband once more I shall stay and wait for it. But they tell me that fortnightly visits only are allowed to convicts in that prison."

Mrs. Morse's efforts in behalf of her husband will be warmly seconded by his counsel, Martin W. Littleton, who reiterated today his declaration that he had, by no means, given up his fight for Morse's liberty. The attorney, however, was not yet ready to say what his next step would be.

WANT TO SEE SOUTH POLE

Bartlett and McMillan Would Join Expedition.

Worcester, Mass., Jan. 3.—Donald B. McMillan, member of Comander Robert E. Peary's polar expedition, and Capt. Robert Bartlett, who commanded Peary's ship, the Roosevelt, yesterday said they would like to be members of the expedition to seek the south pole. Captain Bartlett said:

"I have heard of such a trip being planned. I may be selected to command the ship, which will carry the expeditin southward. I think that the Roosevelt will be the ship selected if the expedition goes through."

A FINE KIDNEY REMEDY.

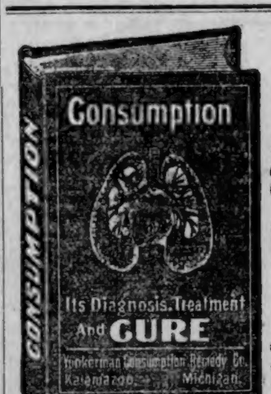
Mr. A. S. Hitchcock, (clothing dealer), 820 Carrier Building, East Hampton, Conn., says if any reader afflicted with a kidney or bladder trouble will write to him he will direct them to the splendid home remedy he so successfully used. He is glad to do this, and does not wish you to send him money.

KING DECLINES RAISE

Brussels, Dec. 29.—The Socialists in the chamber of deputies yesterday opposed the civil list of the king, which amounts to 3,300,000 francs ($660,000) and reaffirmed their allegiance to a republic. M. Royer declared that the royal chateaus should be turned into sanitariums.

The appropriations were adopted by a vote of 100 to 20. The king's civil list is the same as that granted to Leopold, the new sovereign declining the Catholic party's suggestion of an increase.

The Socialist amendment, calling for an inventory of the contents of the royal palaces, so as to prevent the sale of national property as under King Leopold, was defeated.



200 PAGE BOOK ON Consumption FREE

To all who are Afflicted with Weak Lungs, Coughs, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Consumption

Will Be Sent at Once Free to all Who Write

This valuable medical book tells in plain, simple language how Consumption can be cured in your own home. If you know of any one suffering from Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma or any throat or lung trouble, or are yourself afflicted, this book will help you to a cure. Even if you are in the advanced stage of the disease and feel there is no hope, this book will show you how others have cured themselves after all remedies they had tried failed, and they believed their cases hopeless.

THE YONKERMAN CONSUMPTION REMEDY CO., 3479 Water Street, Kalamazoo, Mich., will gladly send you this book by return mail, free, and also a Free Trial of the New Treatment for Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma and Consumption.

If you desire this, for yourself or for a friend, don't wait—write today, before it is too late. This may mean the saving of a life.

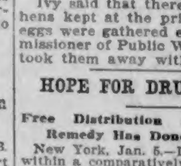
Let Us Send You This

$1 PILE CURE TO TRY FREE

Don't Risk Delay When You Can TRY FREE This Great Remedy That Is Curing Thousands—Just

Sign and Mail the Coupon

We want to place a full **Dollar Package** of **Dr. Van Vleck's 3-fold Absorption Cure** in the hands of every sufferer from **Piles, Ulcers, Fissure, Tumors,** etc., **ON FREE TRIAL.** Don't wait for more serious complications to tell you of the dangers of this cruel disease, but act now. All we ask you to do is to fill out and mail the coupon below to us. Return mail will bring you, prepaid and in plain wrapper, this remarkable 3-fold remedy which is curing cases of every degree of suffering, including cases of 30 and 40 years' standing, after doctors and even operations had utterly failed, as well as all the milder stages. After you get this treatment and try it, then, if you are fully satisfied with the benefit received, you can send us One Dollar. If not, it costs you nothing. **We accept your decision as final.** Could we possibly make an offer which would show stronger faith in the goodness of our remedy? Don't delay, but send in this coupon today, now.



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Free $1 Coupon

Good for a $1 Package of Dr. Van Vleck's Complete 3-Fold Treatment to be sent Free on Approval, as explained above, to

Name.....

Address.....

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Mail this coupon today to Dr. Van Vleck Co., W.S.2 Majestic Bldg., Jackson, Mich. Return post will bring the $1 Package on Trial.

DIED AFTER WHIPPING

Negro Beaten to Death in Prison.

Atlanta, Ga., Dec. 31.—Further stories of inhuman cruelty to prisoners convicted of misdemeanors were told today to the council committee which is investigating the charges made against the management of the city prison, or stockade.

Herschel Ivy, a former guard, swore that Moses Johnson, a negro, told Superintendent Vining that he was too ill to work. Vining is said to have ordered him whipped. After the whipping the negro collapsed and was sent to a hospital, where he died later.

Witness said he saw a young white girl, Ruby Gaither, chained to the wall by her hands until she fainted. Witness said she was left there unconscious 30 minutes. She went into convulsions and frothed at the mouth.

White women, he declared, were fed from scraps picked up from the floor of the men's mess hall. The floor is of dirt and witnesses swore that there was filth a foot thick on it, the stench from which was unbearable.

Ivy said that there were a hundred hens kept at the prison and that the eggs were gathered each day by Commissioner of Public Works Collier, who took them away with him.

HOPE FOR DRUG ADDICTS!

Free Distribution of a Successful Remedy Has Done Untold Good.

New York, Jan. 5.—It is estimated that within a comparatively short time nearly three thousand persons, addicted to the use of opium or morphine in some form, have taken advantage of the offer of the Waterman Institute, 124 East 25th street, Branch 19, New York, to send a free supply of a truly remarkable home remedy for these insidious and dangerous habits. The expressions of satisfaction derived from the continued use of the remedy are practically unanimous. It is said that the free distribution will be continued for a time.

WASTE OF SETTLERS

Sir Horace Plunkett Says They Robbed the Land in Middle West.

New York, Dec. 30.—Gifford Pinchot has found support in his controversy with Secretary Ballinger from an unexpected quarter. Speaking before the Economic and Historical association yesterday, Sir Horace Plunkett, of Dublin, who has brought about almost a rural revolution in Ireland, and is said to know more about the resources of the United States than 90 per cent. of our own citizens, said:

"I greatly regret that I have just received a telephone message from Mr. Gifford Pinchot that pressing business keeps him away from the gathering. What that business is I shall leave to you to imagine. I must decline to enter into any controversy, but I should like to say that I regard Mr. Pinchot as a very remarkable public servant. He is not only a man who is doing his work with a remarkable affection for it., but he is trying as well to broaden his administrative position."

Sir Horace expressed surprise that the warning repeatedly uttered by James J. Hill had not been better heeded by this country. He thought that perhaps we were so much interested in the trusts and in municipal regeneration that we blinked the sure approach of a more distant but also a more important problem.

"I see a rapidly increased cost of living," he said. "At the end of a century, as Mr. Hill has told you, there will be a vast importation of food stuffs into America, if your farming methods are not changed for the better. Such a situation calls for urgent action by congress and by state legislatures. As an alien, I have no right to say what such action shall be, but if I may not prescribe, I may describe.

"The system of agriculture in the central west, or that part of it settled 30 years ago, was the most wasteful I ever saw. The so-called farmer was not a farmer but a land speculator. He went into the country knowing that the land was sure to rise in value, so he bought all the land he could get and then robbed the land to meet his obligations until he could realize his eventful sure profits from a sale. There has got to be a change. I believe there will come in this country co-operation between farmers, the plan long ago forced upon the farmers of older countries, by the competition of the then virgin soils of America.

"In Ireland, the farmers are getting together for their own good and for the good of the country and they are making a new industrial Ireland."

MRS. COOK LOSES FAITH

She Also Lost Much Money by Explorer's Queer Conduct.

New York, Jan. 3.—Mrs. Frederick A. Cook, wife of the discredited Arctic explorer, is hiding in the vicinity of New York under an assumed name and awaiting an opportunity to make a financial settlement for money advanced to Cook since their marriage, according to information obtained.

She has in her possession, it is said, the most valuable parts of Cook's diary accumulated on his last trip to the frozen north, which she intends to retain until a satisfactory arrangement shall have been made. A reporter located the two little daughters, Ruth and Helen, at the Hamilton Institute for Girls, 3 W. Eighty-first street. The children were placed in the institution a few days before Cook disappeared. They know nothing of the unfavorable report made by the scientists at the University of Copenhagen upon their father's claim. Mrs. Cook, it was learned, has visited the children once, but has not been seen by anyone connected with the school for several weeks.

An effort made to establish the truth of a rumor that Mrs. Cook intends to seek a separation from her husband, but was not successful further than the statement of friends that she felt very keenly the humiliation that followed Cook's failure to establish his claims to having reached the north pole and the running away while under fire. Mrs. R. O. Stebbins, the wife of a prominent member of the Arctic club, who is one of Mrs. Cook's closest friends, said today that the wife of the explorer was thoroughly disgusted with Cook.

"Mrs. Cook is a woman of great refinement and I know that she is completely crushed in spirit over the outcome of this Arctic matter," said Mrs. Stebbins. "If she had been given her way Dr. Cook would have paid all of his obligations before he went away. I know that Dr. Cook is considerably indebted to his wife for money advanced during the several years of their married life. The fact of the matter is Mrs. Cook told me her husband never contributed a penny toward the support of his family from the day their little daughter Helen, who is now 5 years old, was born. She had not only supported the family, but had given him funds for his hunting trips.

"Since Dr. Cook made some money out of his recent lectures I can well understand that she would wish to be reimbursed. From all that I have learned he did not give her anything out of this money. I can also very well understand she may have some of his most valuable records, which she intends to withhold until her claim has been settled. This might be called a spiteful act, but no one knows quite so well as Mrs. Cook the man she is dealing with."

Mrs. Stebbins said she had not heard from Mrs. Cook in some days, but she was very sure she was not with her husband. Before her last marriage Mrs. Cook was Mrs. Marion Hunt, the widow of a Philadelphia surgeon. She married Cook just six years ago. He had been betrothed to her sister, who died. Mrs. Cook still has something left of the fortune which she received from her first husband.

Brother Denies Story.

William L. Cook, brother of Dr. Cook, declared today that Mrs. Cook had joined her husband and that he was in communication with them.

"Dr. Cook has by no means abandoned his intention to prove conclusively, despite the verdict of the Copenhagen University, that he reached the North Pole," said his brother, "and his detractors will have a pretty bill to pay.

"The talk that Mrs. Cook is estranged from the doctor and that she contemplates a suit for separation with large alimony is unwarranted. Mrs. Cook is standing by her husband and will continue to do so until death separates them. Just now she is of immeasurable comfort to him, and together they are planning and working for the future.

"I have positive information that Dr. Cook and his wife will publicly appear together, and that then there will be a great change in feeling."

HERE'S A NEW FLIER

Man Confesses He Has Gyroscope Airship.

New York, Dec. 31.—G. F. Russell, who arrived here yesterday from Marblehead, Mass., announced that he was the pilot of the phantom airship which mystified the residents of Worcester, Mass., last week by flying over the city with huge searchlights. Russell, who is 21, asserts that there was no mystery surrounding the flights, but that he and his associates had sought an isolated section of the country in which to try out a new gyroscope-equilibrium invention of A. Herring.

Russell admitted that he had made several flights in the dark from a point near Salem and that, aided by a hugh fire on the sand, he was able to make a safe landing after being in the air for more than an hour.

The invention, according to Russell, will work wonders in airship flying, as it will tend to balance the aeroplane in a stiff breeze, thus preventing the aeroplane's turning over, an accident which navigators fear.

Although Russell refused to give a detailed description of Herring's invention until the patents had been granted, he explained that the additional machine is very light and that it is operated by the regular motor which runs the propeller. It is placed in the body of the aeroplane.

Russell denied that Wallace E. Tillinghast had any connection with the flights over Worcester.

SORE EYES CURED

Eye-Balls and Lids Became Terribly Inflamed — Was Unable to Go About—All Treatments Failed.

CUTICURA PROVED SUCCESSFUL

"About two years ago my eyes got in such a condition that I was unable to go about. They were terribly inflamed, both the balls and lids. I tried home remedies without relief. Then I decided to go to our family physician, but he didn't help them. Then I tried two more of our most prominent physicians, but my eyes grew continually worse. At this time a friend of mine advised me to try Cuticura Ointment, and after using it about one week my eyes were considerably improved and in two weeks they were almost well. They have never given me any trouble since and I am now sixty-five years old. I shall never fail to praise Cuticura. G. B. Halsey, Mouth of Wilson, Va., Apr. 4, 1908."

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

FITS I wish every person in the U. S. suffering with FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS to send for one of my large-sized 16-ounce bottles **FREE**. DR. F. E. GRANT, Dept. 59, Kansas City, Mo.

ASTHMA CURED TO STAY CURED. No relapse. No return of choking spells or other asthmatic symptoms. Whetzel system of treatment approved by best U. S. medical authorities as the only system known to permanently cure the disease. **FREE TEST TREATMENT** including medicines, prepared for any one giving a full description of the case and sending names of 2 asthmatic sufferers. Address FRANK WHETZEL, M.D., Dept. S. American Express Building, Chicago.

LADIES $1000 Reward! I positively guarantee my Great, Successful "MONTHLY" Remedy, Safely relieves some of the longest, most obstinate, abnormal cases in 5 days. No harm, pain or interference with work. MAIL $1.50. Double Strength $2.00. DR. B. D. SOUTHINGTON CO., KANSAS CITY, MO.

MARRY BEST PLAN ON EARTH, sent FREE. PHOTOS OF EVERY LADY MEMBER. THE PILOT, Dept. 39 Marshall, Mich.

MARRY Catalogue, with hundreds of photos and descriptions FREE. Pay if suited. SELECT CLUB, Dept. 46, TEKONSHA, MICH.

Marry RICH Big List of Descriptions and Photos Free (Sealed) Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

WANTED! Young Men! Railroad! Brakemen, Firemen, Motormen, Conductors. Experience unnecessary. Instructions by Mail. Send for application blank. Give age and name position. I. Railway C. I. No. 38, Indianapolis, Ind.

WANTED SOLDIERS' HOMESTEADS Union Soldiers who homesteaded some land, but less than 160 acres before June 23, 1874, are entitled to additional rights even though entry was relinquished or abandoned. If soldier is dead, widow or heirs have his rights.

I Pay Spot Cash for These Claims. Address (Comrade) W. E. MOSES, 433 Jacobson Bldg., Denver, Colo.

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Earn $200 MONTHLY selling the Dr. Haux famous Perfect Vision Spectacles—finest and cheapest on earth. Write for agents and dealers terms. DR. HAUX SPECTACLE CO., Box 190, Haux Building, St. Louis, Mo.

SKUNK Highest prices paid for skunk & other furs. Write M. J. Jewett & Sons, Redwood, N. Y., Dept. 17.

WE PAY $36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES to men with rig to introduce Poultry Tonic. Steady work. Permanent. Your territory. IMPERIAL MFG. CO., DEPT. 94 PARSONS, KANS.

FITS I have cured cases of 20 years standing. Trial package free by mail. Dr. S. PERKY, Dpls. Park Sts., Chicago, Ill.

GET MARRIED Matrimonial paper with advertisements of marriageable people from all sections, rich, poor, old, young, Protestants, Catholics, etc., mailed sealed Free. D. G. GUNNELS, Toledo, Ohio.

Virginia Farms and Homes FREE CATALOGUE OF SPLENDID BARGAINS R. B. CHAFFIN & CO., Inc., Richmond, Va.

Every Woman Glad who sends 2c stamp for Catalogue of Sanitary Rubber Goods, Toilet Necessities, Drugs. Webster Specialty Co., D 39, Chicago.

LAND OF MANATEE—Situated on the west coast of Florida, near the gulf, is the "Land of Manatee." Here fruit and vegetables are raised the whole year. One acre often yields as much as $1,000 net. Vegetables and fruits are raised here in May and shipped at higher prices to the northern markets. Buy a farm in Manatee county and grow independent; a small farm will prove an excellent investment. Climate the very best, abundant rain, good roads, convenient markets, fine schools. Write at once for booklet and full information. "Fruit and Vegetable Growing in the Land of Manatee," by a western man upon request. J. W. White, Gen. Indust. Agt., S. A. L. Railway, Norfolk, Virginia.

WANTED—Immediately, Railway mail clerks, custom house clerks; many spring examinations. Salary $900 to $1,500. Steady work; short hours. Annual vacations. Salary paid twice monthly. Thousands of appointments during 1910. City and country residents stand equal chance. Common school education sufficient. Political influence not needed. To advertise our schools we are preparing candidates free. Write immediately for schedule showing dates and places of the examinations. Franklin Institute, Dept. O, 35, Rochester, N. Y.

MEN WANTED in every locality in the United States to make $20 per week and $3 per day expenses advertising our goods, posting up showcards in all conspicuous places and generally representing us. Steady work to right men. No experience required. Write for particulars. ROYAL REMEDY CO., London, Ont., Canada.

HILLSDALE POULTRY FARM—Greensburg, Indiana. All the more profitable breeds of chickens, geese, ducks, guineas, turkeys. If wanting eggs, fowls, write, state your wants. Can quote you reasonable prices. Our quality won 6,084 prizes in 4 years.

WANTED—Eastern land to exchange for California ranches and orange groves. Send us a list of what you have and what you wish to exchange for. We will furnish you an exchange. Littlefield & Schaffert, Orange, Cal.

Sell Tobacco and Cigars—Locally or traveling. Salary or commission. Experience unnecessary—we give full instructions. Address

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR.

HIGH-UP WINDOWS

Elizabeth Ayres

WHEN you live high up you may leave your windows uncurtained at night, and when the night is a moonlit one in winter and the streets and roofs are glistening with snow, and lights are gleaming from other high-up windows there are things worth seeing.

When you have high-up windows, someway you feel near to the sky and near to heaven, because, you know, we all fancy heaven is just beyond the stars.

Not so very long ago there was a man who had so lived that when it came time for him to die he was not afraid to go on his far journey.

"When I get to heaven," he said, "I want the job of hanging out the moon to light the way for others who may be coming. I want the job of hanging out the moon to light the way to heaven."

Some one "hung out" the moon gloriously the other night. It was "the coldest night of the season," so far as the season has advanced, and the snow crunched so loudly under the feet of those who walked in the streets that the sound reached even to the high-up windows. There were sleighing parties out, and the parties were shouting their gayety in many voices. You wondered why shouting is always an accompaniment to evening sleighing parties and then you remembered that when you went to sleighing parties you shouted, too, just from sheer exhilaration brought on, no doubt, by the jingle of the sleigh bells and the tonic of the frosty air.

Under the electric lamps the snow which, in the day time, had grown a bit dingy, looked as white and clean as though it had newly fallen, and on the roofs it spread fair and unbroken, with the moon casting a moon-wake across it, almost as it casts a moon-wake across the water. And then, perhaps, you looked at other high-up windows. You could tell almost exactly how warm or how cold the rooms were back of the windows by the frost that either was or was not upon the panes, and you hoped there was no one behind the panes who was suffering from cold.

Through one of the high-up windows you could see an elderly gentleman sitting at his ease in a big arm-chair, near his wife. She was in a "rocker" and swayed contentedly to and fro, while they talked cozily together. You have seen them often in the daytime. Every morning you have seen the elderly gentleman come to the window to look in the street while he fastens his cuff buttons. You have seen his wife "fussing" with the geraniums and begonias that stand in a row on the window sill, and you have seen them both sitting before an easel and painting—not together, but one at a time, turn and turn about, so you think they are artists.

The night time view of them is different from the one you have in the daylight. They seem to be so much nearer, so much more neighborly, and you feel quite like one of the family.

Then back your eyes traveled to the moon again and you watched the fluffs of white clouds sailing across it till they all had sailed away to nowhere, leaving the moon shining clear, and then you remembered the man who wanted the job of hanging out the moon and you smiled a little at his quaint fancy.

You have looked and watched for so long that it was a late hour of the night and most of the high-up windows were dark; only here and there was one through which the light was still shining. You noticed that the streets were almost deserted. The few who were in them hurried along to shelter from the icy air and the song of cold the snow sang under their feet rang out distinctly in the silence that had come upon the city.

Late in the night the silence is like the hush in a great cathedral, and you lifted your eyes upward to the wonderful arch of the sky, curving over you like a vast, steel-blue dome. The picture made by the tall, dark buildings looming skyward, and silhouetted, the big moon, hung so high to light the way to heaven, brought something to your throat that was nearly a sob, and, some way, you wanted to speak gentle, tiny Tim's most beautiful and generous of benedictions: God bless us, everyone."

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Look up, lift up. Object: To aid, comfort, encourage and cheer; scattering sunshine along the way.

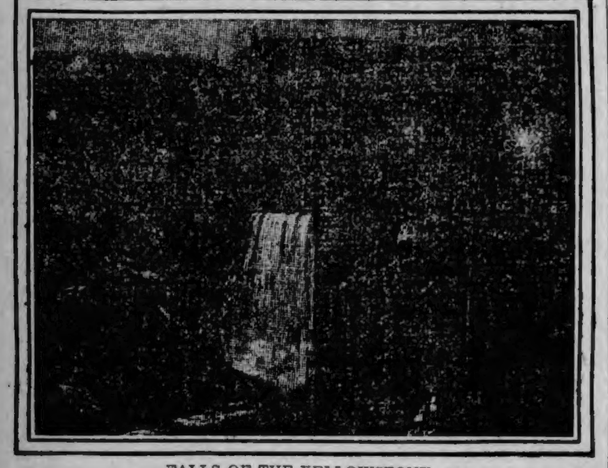
FERN LEAF CONTINUES.

Before resuming my story of what I saw in Yellowstone park, I will make a few statements in order to answer some questions that I am asked from time to time.

First: The park is not enclosed by fence or wall. Its boundaries are marked by a row of iron stakes driven into the ground.

Second: There is no admittance fee. One can drive through as freely as on any public highway, and can travel in a wagon, on foot, or on horseback, as may be convenient. Bicycles, automobiles and cars are not permitted within the park limits. Firearms are excluded also. There are four entrances to the park. One on the north at Gardiner, Mont., one on the east, one on the south, and one on the west. Most of the tourists from the east enter the park at Gardiner, as that is a railroad station and so is Yellowstone, which is on the west side.

To return to my description. July 31 we left the upper falls of the Yellowstone in the morning. We drove until noon, when we reached the



FALLS OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

lower falls. Canyon Hotel is there, and is the midday stopping place for coaches coming from the north. There are two transportation companies that rush tourists through the park in five days. The hotels in the park are the largest I have ever seen in all my travels.

We stopped at the Lower Falls, and after eating our luncheon, descended 493 steps to a platform about 28 or 30 feet above the Great Falls. They are 74 feet in width and the fall is a sheer drop of 360 feet. While I think the Upper Falls the finest and grandest in their tumultuous rush, there is something terrible in the thought of the fearful depth to which the water drops in the Lower Falls. When standing on a platform above, one feels the jar and listens to the thunder of the waters, and thinks of the Power that created all these wonders and holds them in the hollow of his hand. I think the view from below the falls would be much grander, but it would be very difficult to reach a point commanding such a view.

After we had ascended the steps and returned to our wagon, we saw a large bear coming away from the hotel where he had made his dinner from the garbage pile. As no hogs or dogs are allowed in the park, the bears are the scavengers that eat all the refuse from the tables at the hotels and camps. They are not fierce, and do not object to having one stand within 40 feet of them and watch them eat.

We did not see many kinds of birds there; only pelicans and "camp robbers," which are a species of magpie that will steal and hide anything eatable they can get. Occasionally we saw an eagle soaring away.

While driving away from the Great Falls we saw three mule deer does lying near the road. They were not frightened and did not rise as we drove by.

We drove until evening, seeing some more deer and grand scenery. At one point a wolf appeared and paid his respects with a short howl. My son answered him with a whoop that send his wolfship to the forest in a hurry.

We camped for the night near Mt. Washburn, which we ascended the next day. I will give you the account of our ascent in my next letter.—Fern Leaf.

A TEXAS FRIEND

I notice that some of the letter writers prefer not to sign their real names. I have read several letters describing the eastern or southern part of some state, and the signature would be a pen-name when I would like to know so well the exact place the writers are describing and who they are. We change places quite frequently and I am likely to meet some one who has written to The Blade. If I only knew who they are it would be like meeting someone I had met before.

I read a letter from A Contented Man, describing Arkansas as a very desirable place to live. I had two cousins who went to that state, but they gave just the opposite description. Of course they were in a different locality. It would have been very interesting to me to know just where Contented Man is located, as each state has its desirable and undesirable places. Some towns are much more pleasant to live in than others.

We live in the extreme northwestern part of Texas in a little frontier station called Middlewater. The trains take water here. It is just 21 miles each way to the next water station, hence the name. The place is very small. There are only a store with postoffice, school house, section house and some box cars in which the Mexicans live who work on the section. My husband is agent and operator, so we live in the depot. I can stand on the platform and see miles of country without sign of habitation except some cattle, and a windmill or two, but on the north side of the station there are a few houses. If I had good health and a church and Sunday school to go to I should like it here very much.

There are quite a few cattle ranches near the station. We have a camp of cowboys at the stock pens now. The cowboys are generally a good class of young men. We have often eaten with them, and anyone who happens along at meal time is welcome. They nearly always have the best beef, potatoes, stewed dried fruit, syrup and Mexican beans. The beans are a brown, spotted bean, raised mostly in New Mexico, and they are very good. Sometimes they boil the beans at night to have for breakfast in the morning. Their bread is sour-dough biscuits, baked between two skillets which have hot coals of fire underneath and on top. They are fine. Each cowboy furnishes his own bed and saddle. They take turns herding the cattle at night. There are no native trees in this part of the country, and I miss them greatly.

We have one fine little boy, 9 years old. I would like to write more of my contented, happy home life, but my letter is getting too long.—Eva Penland.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

In Toledo the old year went out smiling. The last day of 1909 was bright and sunny and not too cold. In fact, it was "just right," and that is what we are hoping the New-Year will be. Each one can do much to make it so.

Our recent letters are from Mrs. A. A. B., I. Reed, M. Cretia McIntyre, Cheerful Wife and Mother, Emma, Ella Lee and Grandma Grow.

All letters for this page should be addressed to The Weekly Blade, Toledo, O., with Household Editor written in the lower left-hand corner of the envelope.

"EVERY YEAR IS A FRESH BEGINNING"

Says Peter Newell of January, in his new Calendar (Harper's) for 1910:

Resolutions are for sale
In old January's shop;
New or threadbare, fresh or stale,
Or revamped from last year's crop.
Habits, whims and sins galore
May be checked outside the door.

BUNS AND MUFFINS

We are "much obliged" for the following excellent recipes to the cookery department of The Housekeeper for January. All measurements are level unless otherwise stated.

ENGLISH MUFFINS.

Make a batter with one quart of sweet milk (made just warm), two eggs, a piece of butter the size of an egg, a little salt, one-half a cupful of yeast and about three pints of flour. The batter must be thick enough to drop, not run from the spoon. When thoroughly mixed, lay a thick cloth over the bowl in which it has been made and set in a warm place to rise; it will take from five to eight hours. If for breakfast let rise over night, and for tea mix after breakfast. Bake in muffin rings on a griddle. Fill each ring two-thirds full, when the bubbles form and stiffen into holes, slip the cake turner under and turn, ring and all. As the muffins cook and stiffen, slip off the rings and let them finish. Baked in rings on a griddle, muffins are very much better than when baked in an oven. If the oven must be used, however, work in sufficient flour when mixing to make a soft dough and let rise in a warm place out of draughts until very light. Turn the dough out on a well floured pastry board, divide into small pieces and form with the hands into flat round cakes. Cover the muffins on the board and let rise until almost globular, then place them on a hot floured tin and bake them in a quick oven to a light brown. Turn and let the other side brown lightly. Always tear them apart, never use a knife, spread generously with soft butter and serve hot.

HOT CROSS BUNS.

Put three cupfuls of sifted flour into a bowl and rub into it two tablespoonfuls of butter, one-half cupful of granulated sugar and a quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, then add a cupful of lukewarm milk in which has been dissolved a cake of compressed yeast. Set aside to rise and when twice its original bulk place on a well floured board, roll out and shape into round biscuits with the hands. Place in pans so that they do not touch and let rise again in a warm place. When light and just before placing in the oven, with a sharp knife cut across on the top of each bun. Brush the top with melted butter and sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon mixed together. Bake in a hot oven from 15 to 20 minutes. This should make about two dozen.

LOVE FOR WOMEN

Causes a Lady Physician of World-Wide Fame to Offer Women FREE TREATMENT AND ADVICE

After devoting the best years of her life to the study and treatment of the diseases of women, Dr. Luella McKinley Derbyshire, the most widely known lady physician in the world offers her services FREE to all who suffer with any of the ailments so common among women.

She will freely advise every suffering woman who will write her, giving them the benefit of her years of experience and her wonderful discoveries in the scientific treatment of all female diseases. She will also send you her valuable Booklet, "Woman's Ills," and a FREE TRIAL TREATMENT of the medicines she would recommend for you.

SEND NO MONEY but describe your case fully. All correspondence is confidential; you may write freely. Write TODAY and receive the Booklet and Trial Treatment FREE.

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No Two Alike—Latest Designs

Lovely assortment of 20 Artistic Birthday, Friendship, Good Luck, Roses and Flowers in exquisite colors, all for only 10 cents, if you answer this ad immediately. J. H. Seymour, 203 W. Eighth St., Topeka, Kan.

MORNING THOUGHTS

SUNDAY

Others are affected by what I am, and say, and do. And these others have also their sphere of influence. So that a single act of mine may spread in widening circles through a nation, or humanity.

MONDAY

It is almost always true that Providence smooths before us the path to any duty from the moment we enter it.

TUESDAY

Remember that if the opportunities for great deeds should never come, the opportunity for good deeds is renewed day by day.

WEDNESDAY

The first lesson of life is to burn our own smoke; that is, not to inflict on outsiders our personal sorrows and petty morbidness, not to keep thinking of ourselves as exceptional cases.

THURSDAY

In earth's broad fields of deathless bloom the gladdest lives are those
Whose thoughts are as the lily and whose love is like the rose.

FRIDAY

Hasten slowly, and without losing heart, put your work twenty times upon the anvil.

SATURDAY

From the lowest depths there is a path to the loftiest heights.

AN AERIAL BASKET TRIP

THERE is always something new and startling being accomplished in the way of engineering feats, and one of the latest to be completed is a wire railway which affords a hair-raising sort of a journey.

In the World Today for January, Ivah Dunklee tells of this wire railway, and from his account is taken the following story:

A mountain climb in America, absolutely unparalleled, is the aerial basket trip from Silver Plume, Colorado, to the bald top of Sunrise Peak, one of the three peaks of Mount McClellan. The elevation of Sunrise Peak above sea-level is 14,032 feet, and the upper terminal station is just 3,300 feet higher than the lower terminal, making the journey to the clouds covered by the little basket a distance of about a mile and seven-eighths, with a 50 per cent grade. This is the only railway of the kind carrying passengers in America, and has just been opened to the public. The cost was $50,000.

The construction of this unique railway was indeed a serious proposition. From base to summit the way is strewn with jagged rocks, cruel in their sharpness, and an almost effectual barrier to the heights above. But the sturdy little burros are to the Rocky Mountains what the Esquimo dogs are to the north pole region, and with the help of burros the heavy timbers and massive irons were wearily dragged up the mountain foot by foot. One by one, the towers of heavy timbers, strongly bolted together, were erected. The work was done thoroughly and well, the timbers being sunk into drilled holes in the solid rock and then made fast at the bottom by heavy plates clamped to the rock. Summit house, lodge and towers are all cabled to gigantic boulders, thus defying mountain tornadoes.

When the towers were all standing, and the lower and upper terminal stations built, then the massive haulage cable, tested to the capacity of 150,000 pounds, or 175 tons, was strung aloft, and to the cable the steel baskets, with capacity of four people each, were riveted fast, thus making it necessary to stop the entire line when loading or unloading at the terminals.

The endless cable is run by two 35-horsepower motors, one in the upper terminal and one in the lower, and the power is delivered from the George-

THE AERIAL RAILWAY TO SUNRISE PEAK, COLORADO.

town power plant, four miles below, or at the foot of the famous "Loop." When all the baskets are loaded, the cable runs itself, the balance is so perfect; when not loaded, the weight of the cable against the upper terminal is sufficient to furnish a safety brake, making it impossible for the cable to slip.

To be lifted, lifted, lifted—little by little—without a disagreeable jar or an annoying lurch, but as though a mighty magnet were drawing one on and on, and ever up and up, to the dazzling white clouds, floating above a world of perpetual snow in a sky of most intense blue, is a wonderful experience. The mighty magnet is the motor at the top, and the clear-eyed, calm engineer, who keeps the wheels moving and continually inspects the huge cables that bear the little steel baskets aloft, is the presiding genius over the most remarkable engineering feat in this country.

But it is easier than climbing, this comfortable sitting in a gayly painted yellow basket of steel and being borne aloft with ease; it is more delightful, by far, than being packed in a train and showered with dust, dirt, cinders and stifling smoke.

The cautious man needs assurance in figures. To him it is told that the cables have been tested to 175 tons, or 350,000 pounds, and that if every car should be loaded with people weighing 200 pounds apiece, the weight would not exceed eight tons, or 16,000 pounds. It is these figures that give confidence, and the people flock into the steel baskets and hear the click of the bolt slipping into place and making fast the door with a feeling of exhilaration, for what is about to be done is as hair-raising as many midair acrobatic turns in a circus, and withal, is safer by far than a trip in an ordinary elevator, a hundred times more safe than a fast train moving at topmost speed, and infinitely more safe than the everyday trip of the electric car.

As the basket leaves the sheltering station there is, for a moment, a feeling of helpless consternation; the firm earth is receding, and, as one looks at the awful heights to be scaled, the heart, for a moment, fails; but as irresistibly as fate the cable is slowly moving on, and there is no stopping. Ere one could ask to be let out, the basket has lifted up over the quivering aspens and gone out of sight of the station below. So there is nothing one can do but remember the consoling facts about the tested capacity of the cables and trust in the engineer.

The first station one reaches informs one that the altitude is 11,000 feet, and it gives one a weird feeling suddenly to behold in this primeval region a man steadfastly looking at the occupants of the car to see that all is well, and then proclaiming assurance by a signal bell that records in the stations above and below.

Whenever a party enters a basket in either station, all the baskets on the cable stop, and there are times when one is suspended over fearful heights, gently swinging in the open air with nothing above, around or below for 150 feet, except jagged rocks.

MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Do all the good you can,
To all the people you can,
In all the ways you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

I wonder if you will admit to your charming family circle of M. G. R.'s a little Mexican girl whose people have lived for centuries here in the wilds of New Mexico, remaining steadfast through all that time to one religion, one language and many flags. I see that a few of the members are turning up their noses, a rather impolite, but highly expressive procedure, at the idea of admitting a member of that much slandered race of people—"the indolent people of manana," as some of the poetic writers have described us. As New England Girl has so considerately made room here by her side for me, I will take a seat and chat a few moments, just to show that we, like his traditional majesty, are not so black as some would have you believe.

I am rather proud of my nationality. I glory in the fact that the forefathers of my race were among the most valiant and the noblest of Spain, and endowed with sufficient courage to build themselves an empire in an unknown and unexplored world; that our people have lived for centuries in the interior of a great continent, almost without communication with the outside world, and yet they have managed to educate their sons and daughters, until today there is hardly a member of the younger generation who does not read and write our native language, and the percentage, even among the older people, and the extremely aged, who are unable to read and write, is extremely small.

I wonder if it would interest you to know that our territory is being rapidly settled by the eastern farmers; that young cities are springing up all over the country, and that the land, which for so long has been considered a desert, is being made to produce comfortable homes for thousands of poor people of the east. Although a large part of the land is held by old Mexican families in large grants that are as yet undeveloped, and that will serve to make millionaires out of the greater part of the leading Mexican families, there is still a large amount of government land open to settlement by homesteaders. The fact that a large number of native families for several years have been making a living by the tilling of the soil in a very primitive, unscientific way, should prove that a great deal that is told about the unfitness of this country for farming is, like the lies told about her people—decidedly slanderous and untrue.

A great many of us are waiting with much anxiety to see whether or not they give us statehood this session of congress, and while we have very little hope, we are waiting for the unexpected to happen. Sometime I may come again and tell of some of the old traditions and stories and beliefs that have been handed down from time immemorial by our fathers' fathers.—Elisa Triyillo.

If we would put into practice the lines that form our motto, how much happier we would be, and how much pleasanter life would be for those we come in contact with. Each one has their place in life; each one should have a noble aim, and, if we live to higher ideals, even should they be beyond our reach, we shall not be living in vain.

I have so much enjoyed reading the letters in the M. G. R. that I have become anxious to be one of the members. I live on a farm of 300 acres and I am glad I am a farmer's daughter. My sister and I attend school three miles and a half away. We have a faithful white horse which takes us to and fro, night and morning. When we go to hitch up at night, she shows her delight by pawing and whinnering, for she is as glad to start for home as we are.

I should like to know where Olive Branch lives. We might be neighbors. I am from Clinton county, in the Empire state. Hoping to become better acquainted with the members, I am yours for improvement.—Da-dee.

I have never read a letter from this part of Colorado, so I thought I would try and write one. I live on a farm of 60 acres. The chief products are grain and sugar beets. I have not lived here very long, but I like this country. We are not far from the Rocky mountains and I enjoy taking trips in the mountains very much. I took several trips during the past summer. One was to Keyhole, on Long's Peak. There were three of us. We rode horseback about 20 miles and walked two miles through a boulder field. The state flower is the blue columbine. Wishing you all success, I am—Happy Lou.

Thank you, Imogene, of sunny Tennessee, I will gladly come at your call, since you assure me a welcome. I am going to invite all the M. G. R.'s who like—

"The lovely and the wild
Mingled in harmony on Nature's face (to)
Ascend (with me) our rocky mountains;
for on their tops
The beauty and the majesty of earth,
Spread wide beneath, shall make them to forget
The steep and toilsome way. Then as we stand—
The haunts of men below us, and around
The mountain summits—our expanding hearts
Shall feel a kindred with that loftier
To which we are translated."

The afternoon wears away, and we begin to ascend the highest point on the Great Northern. The two huge engines seem to feel their steaming might as they climb higher and higher, heaving from side to side as they swing to the curves. Higher still, and the clouds are beneath us; we are baptized anew in beautiful light. A feeling of awe comes over us, for we seem to have left the transient, shifting things of earth for the dwelling place of angels, and are not surprised at the multitude of "still small voices" that keep us company, as we look out upon the exalted grandeur of the great mountains, where for unmeasured ages they have stood, full of the thoughts of God.

As the sun gives his blessing and farewell every venerable snow-capped peak stands transfigured, and in the divine light of the Alpine glow, turned into mountains of gold almost, we can feel the ladders of the air about us tremble with the tread of ascending and descending messengers from the Holy City. Sunny Tennessee, do you hear what the "still voices" are saying?

"And he carried me away in spirit to a great high mountain, and showed me that great city the Holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God. And the city was pure gold; and the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day, for the alpine glow fades into earthly gloom, the gorge blackens and the great mountains swallow us up, but dear M. G. R.'s—there shall be no night there."—Evangeline.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS

I hope we may do some good work in the M. G. R. this year. Suggestions for subjects for discussion are always welcome.

Weather in Toledo at time of writing—Bright and sunny and some warmer.

Now that the holidays are over, the first thing we know the spring poets will be "piping their lays."

Can anyone tell me where, when and how, ripe and unripe cotton bolls may be obtained?—Miss Prudence.

Sister Hope, M. Kena and Evergreen have written recently.

VIRGINIA SAYS COME

Farms $10 Per Acre and Up

Virginia's long growing season affords bountiful harvests, and her accessible markets mean good prices for her farm products.

Her Corn Is Unsurpassed

As a grazing and dairy State she ranks first. Her poultry and trucking farms are very profitable.

Virginia offers the thrifty farmer an unusual opportunity for future independence.

Send to-day for our beautiful booklet and other interesting information.

Address C. H. LaBAUME, Agr. and Indus. Agt. Norfolk and Western Railway, Dept. A 19, Roanoke, Va.

SOME POINTERS

By Elizabeth.

If, at Christmas, you put into practice "It is more blessed to give than to receive," you have a happy feeling now.

A letter written in anger is poison both to its writer and to the one by whom it is received.

You attract to yourself the things that attract you. See to it that your attractions are of a high order.

If you are dissatisfied with your position in life, what is it that is keeping you down? Look within yourself for the answer.

There is always room at the top if you insist upon being there.

If there is anything in your life, no matter how trivial it may be, that you have the impulse to conceal, you may be sure that it is wrong.

There is always something pleasant in the stormiest day if you will try to find it.

You will always be met half way if you go forward with outstretched hand.

Hardening of the heart is a disease that brings much suffering.

Time spent in regret is wasted. Resolve not to do it again and live up to your resolve.

Of those who are doing the best they can nothing more should be expected, even if "the best they can" is not of the highest or greatest.

"HITCH YOUR WAGON TO A STAR."

"As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." His opinion of himself will be reproduced by the life processes within him and outpictured in his body, says Orison Swett Marden in Success Magazine. If you would make the most of yourself, never picture yourself as anything different from what you would actually have yourself, from what you long to become. Whenever you think of yourself form a mental image of a perfect, healthy, beautiful, noble being, not lacking in anything, the person you wish to become. Positively refuse to see anything about yourself which you would not like to have true. Insist upon seeing only the truth of your being, the man or woman God had in mind when he made you, not the distorted thing, the burlesque man or woman which your ignorance and unfortunate environment, wrong thinking and vicious living have produced. The estimate you have of yourself, the image of yourself which you carry in your mind will mean infinitely more to you than what other people may think of you.

If we would make the most of our lives, if we would be and do all that it is possible for us to be and to do, we must not only think well of ourselves, but we must also be just to ourselves physically, be good to our bodies. In order to be the highest, the most efficient type of man or woman, it is just as necessary to cultivate the body, to develop its greatest possible strength and beauty, as it is to cultivate the mind, to raise it to its highest power.

WINTER PLANTS

Did you ever plant grape fruit seeds? They make beautiful plants and are very rapid growers. Use a finger bowl or any small glass bowl, fill it almost full of sand, plant the largest seeds, keep the sand moist and are long the seeds will sprout and you will have a nice plant. The same thing is true of cranberries. Select those that are over ripe, break them apart and bury in sand. Care for them the same as the grape fruit and in time the plants will blossom.

COFFEE TAFFY

Coffee taffy is a new confection. Instead of water, use coffee to dilute the sugar. Cook in the usual manner and pull the taffy the same as the old-fashioned variety. As it begins to stiffen, roll the candy in ground nuts and break into desired lengths.

POETS' CORNER

The Poets' Corner is a "rescue" department designed to assist those who are in search of some song or poem, either old or new, of which they can furnish a line or verse as a clue. These clues are published under the head Poems Requested, and in most instances some one meets the request by furnishing the poem asked for. When asking for poems and when sending them in, if possible, kindly give the author's name. The department is open to everyone. Address Editor The Poets' Corner, The Blade.

WARDEN, KEEP A PLACE FOR ME

Author Unknown.

Discharged again? Yes, I am free,
But, warden, keep a place for me,
For freedom means that I must go
Out in the wind and rain and snow
To fight with hunger, shame and cold—
A woman gray and worn and old;
To clothe myself in rags again
And seek some wretched narrow den—
And after that what must be done?
Steal? Beg? Hard lines for any one—
To work is easier, I would try,
But there's no work for such as I.
A fine thing, truly, to be free—
But, warden, keep a place for me.

For I'll come back, it's seven years
Since first I entered here in tears,
"Drunk and disorderly" I came,
And felt the burden and the shame,
The prison taint, the outlaw's dread,
When first behind his hopeless tread
The gates clang to with dreadful sound,
And the dark prison walls close round.

But when I went away I said:
If I can earn my daily bread,
I'll work my fingers off before
I'll wear a convict's dress once more,
'Twas easy said—I meant it, too.
Work? Is there work enough to do
For those who spend their weary lives
Like tolling bees in busy hives,
And starve at last? When willing hands
That never broke the law's commands
Are idle by the thousands, how
Can jail-birds keep a virtuous vow?
No work, but all the same I found
The time for meals would come around;

No work, but time enough to think,
And that's the easy road to drink—
Who cared, who cares, that I was then
Drunk and disorderly again?
Who cares that ever with the best
I was a woman like the rest?
Who cares that one day in my life
I was a happy, joyous wife?
None care, and I care less than they,
And curse the man and curse the day.

How did I know that he would be
A drunken scoundrel, dragging me
Down the mire? Alas, the life
He led me! Oh, the bitter strife
'Twixt love and hate!
He went away
And left me with my little May—
My little child! My little pearl!
My pretty, brown-eyed baby girl!
Nah—that was only childhood's grace!
She grew up with her father's face,
Her father's selfish, wicked heart;
Grew up to take an evil part;
Grew up to soil her mother's name
And cover it with double shame.

But I've a little baby dress
The one soft vein of tenderness,
That's run through all these hateful years,
I've wet it many a time with tears,
And many a time at dead of night
I've clasped it to my bosom tight.
What for? Because it means for me
A simple, sinless memory,
Because it means there was a time
When I, now gray with want and crime,
Old jail-bird as I am today,
Knew how to love and dared to pray.

What did I do? How could I know
That things would go against me so?
How could I help it? Did I plan
The fate that bound me to that man?
The hard, blind fate that dragged me down
Among the wretches of the town?
That snatched away all hope, all chance,
And twisted every circumstance
Against me, till at last I stood
Stripped of my very womanhood?
I could not dare to stop and think—
Was it my fault I took a drink?

No, I am not fit for liberty;
It ain't a wholesome thing for me;
The jail takes care of me too well—
Better to be locked in a cell,
Where all is clean, and sleep is sweet,
Than roam the misery-haunted street;
Better the work they give us here
Than what awaits me when I'm clear.
Better the silence we must keep
Than drunken cries and curses deep;
Better the dull days free from pain
Than shattered nerves and throbbing brain;
Better the quiet, sober life
Than yonder city's desperate strife;
Better the prison's homely fare,—
Better the prison's watchful care—
Better for me than liberty,
So, warden, keep a place for me.

THE MAN BEHIND THE PICK

Author Unknown.

There has been all kinds of gush about the man who is "behind"—
And the man behind the cannon has been toasted, wined and dined.
There's the man behind the musket, and the man behind the fence;
And the man behind his whiskers, and the man behind his rents;
And the man behind the plough beam, and the man behind the hoe;
And the man behind the ballot, and the man behind the dough;
And the man behind the counter, and the man behind the bill;
And the man behind the pestle, and the man behind the pill;
And the man behind the jimmy, and the man behind the bars;
And the Johnny that goes snooping on the stage behind the "stars;"
And the man behind the kisser, and the man behind the fist;
And the girl behind the man behind the gun is on the list;
And the man behind the bottle, and when they were short of men,
There was some small rhymester warbled of the man behind the pen;
But they missed one honest fellow, and I'm raising of a kick,
That they didn't make a mention of the man behind the pick.
Up the rugged mountain side a thousand feet he takes his way,
Or as far into the darkness from the cheering light of day;
He is shut out from the sunlight, in the glimmer of the lamps;
He is cut off from the sweet air in the sickly fumes and damps;
He must toil in cramped positions; he must take his life in hand.
For he works in deadly peril that but few can understand;
But he does it all in silence, and he seldom makes a kick,
Which is why I sing the praises of the man behind the pick.
He unlocks the bolted portals of the mountains to the stores
Hid in nature's vast exchequer in her treasure house of ores.
He applies a key dynamic, and the gates are backward rolled.
And the ancient rocks are riven to their secret heart of gold.
Things of comfort and of beauty and of usefulness are mined
By this brave and quiet worker—he's a friend of humankind;
Who, though trampled down and underpaid, toils on without a kick;
So I lift my hat in honor of the man behind the pick.

THE FARMER BOY

Author Unknown.

The sun had gone down behind yon hill,
When o'er yon dreary moor,
Weary and lame, a boy there came,
Up to a farmer's door,
Saying, "Can you tell me, if any there be,
That can give to me employ,
To plow, and sow, and reap and mow,
And be a farmer's boy?

"My father is dead, my mother is left
With four poor children small,
And what is worse, for mother still,
I'm the eldest of them all.

"Though small I am I fear no work,
If you will give me employ,
To plow, to sow, to reap and mow,
To be a farmer's boy.

"If you cannot give to me employ,
One favor yet I ask,
That is to keep me this cold night,
From the winter's blast.

At the break of day,
I will trudge away
Elsewhere to seek employ,
To plow and sow, reap and mow, and be a farmer's boy."

"Oh, yes, dear father," his daughter cried,
While the tears rolled down her cheek,
"It is hard for him to wander
Or for work elsewhere to seek."

At length of years this boy grew up,
The good old farmer died,
And left the boy the farm he had
And his daughter for his bride.

The boy that was is a farmer now,
And he oftimes thinks with joy
Of the happy, happy day
That he came that way to be a farmer's boy.

THE BETTER LAND

Author Unknown.

I hear thee speak of the better land,
Thou callest its children a happy band,
Mother! O, where is that radiant shore,
Shall we not seek it and weep no more?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies dance in the myrtle boughs?
Not there! not there! not there!
Not there! not there! not there.

Is it where the feathery palm trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies,
Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange bright birds on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?
Not there! not there! not there!
Not there! not there! not there!

Is it far away in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold,
And the burning rays of the rubies shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine?
And the pearl glows forth from the coral strand,
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?
Not there! not there! not there.
Not there! not there! not there.

Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy,
Ear hath not heard its songs of joy!
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,
Sorrow and death may not enter there,
Time may not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
Far beyond the clouds and beyond the tomb!
'Tis there! 'tis there! 'tis there!
'Tis there! 'tis there! 'tis there.

WILLIE, WE HAVE MISSED YOU

STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

Oh! Willie, is it you, dear,
Safe, safe at home?
They did not tell me true, dear; they said you would not come,
I heard you at the gate,
And it made my heart rejoice;
For I knew that welcome footstep,
And that dear, familiar voice,
Making music on my ear
In the lonely midnight gloom.
Oh! Willie, we have missed you;
Welcome, welcome home!

We've longed to see you nightly,
But this night of all;
The fire was blazing brightly,
And lights were in the hall.
The little ones were up,
'Till 'twas ten o'clock and past,
Then their eyes began to twinkle,
And they've gone to sleep at last;
But they listened for your voice
'Till they thought you'd never come;
Oh! Willie, we have missed you;
Welcome, welcome home!

The days were sad without you,
The nights long and drear;
My dreams have been about you,
Oh! welcome, Willie dear!
Last night I wept and watched
By the moonlight's cheerless ray,
'Till I thought I heard your footsteps,
Then I wiped the tears away;
But my heart grew sad again
When I found you had not come;
Oh! Willie, we have missed you;
Welcome, welcome home!

POEMS REQUESTED

An old war song is asked for of which the following are the first and last lines: "Alone upon one rainy evening." "And thinks he hears the baby's footsteps go pitpat on the floor."

A song requested is Shun the Broad Road. These are some of its lines:

The pathway to honor is narrow, my boy,
And it leads to a blissful abode.

Will some one please send a copy of Mozart's Requiem. It contains these lines:

Spirit thy labor is o'er,
Thy earthly probation is done.

An old song is asked for which has these words: Come all you southern darkies, and won't you mourn with me.

A poem entitled The Temple Window is wanted.

The song entitled, Round the Organ in the Old Cottage Home is asked for.

A Christmas poem called Annie and Willie's Prayers is requested. It begins:

'Twas the eve before Christmas,
Good-night had been said.

The songs Brandywine, and Harper's Ferry are wanted.

A song entitled Mary of Sweet Dunlowe, is wanted; also a cradle song popular some years ago called Rock-a-Bye-Baby.

Can some one furnish the song to which these lines are a clue:

We will build a low log cabin,
With the ground for the floor.

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Save one-third—buy on the Cornish plan.

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FEARS HOME RULE EFFECT

London, Dec. 30.—Joseph Chamberlain today issued an address to the electors of West Birmingham, in which he advoated tariff reform and reciprocity with the colonies and attacked the budget as placing a heavy burden of taxation upon the people and at the same time increasing the number of the unemployed. The address asserted that home rule for Ireland, as promised by the Liberals, would not only injure the friends of England here whose interests were safeguarded by the present control, but the danger to all would be greater, since Great Britain was now threatened by foreign nations as never before.

After alleging that the Liberals desire a single chamber rule, the address concluded with a criticism of the government's lack of preparation for the national defense.

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C. Q. D. SOUNDS INSIDE

Wizards of the Wireless Very Seasick.

Washington, Dec. 30.—Warranted to operate in all kinds of weather over a distance of 1,000 miles, the new wireless equipment on the scout cruisers Salem and Birmingham has been found unable to withstand the handicap of seasick operators.

The two new ships have just returned to Hampton Roads from a test at sea, during which they were 1,000 miles from each other and 1,000 miles from the high powered wireless station at Brant Rock, Mass.

A fierce storm surrounded the ships at sea and not only were the conditions for wireless communication the most unfavorable, but the tempestuous sea resulted in sea sickness in nearly all quarters. Communication between the two ships and Brant Rock was obtained at 1,000 miles distance but there were serious interruptions.

Naval officers do not consider that the test shows the apparatus to be a failure, and a conference will be held soon with the representative of the contractor who installed the equipment with a view of arranging for further tests. During the next test the ships will be stationed about 2,000 miles from Brant Rock. This will require one to be in the vicinity of Trinidad and the other 1,000 miles out from the South American coast.

The supreme test will be the location of the ships on the African coast, 3,000 miles from Brant Rock and 1,000 miles apart. If these tests are successful a tower 100 feet higher than the Washington monument will be erected in Washington, for communication with ships over a distance of 3,000 miles.

FAMOUS ACTRESS IS DEAD

Boston, Jan. 3.—Agnes Booth, the famous actress of two decades or more ago, wife of John H. Schoffel, manager of the Tremont theatre, Boston, died at her home in Brookline yesterday, aged 63 years. She had been sick for nearly a year of heart trouble.

Born in Sydney Australia, Mary Agnes Land Rookes made her debut as a dancer when a child. She made her first appearance in New York in 1865, and soon after became leading lady with Edwin Forrest. She starred also with other prominent actors of her day and won laurels in various countries.

She was three times married, her first husband, Harry Perry, an American actor, dying in 1873; Junius Booth, her second husband, died in 1883. She was married to John B. Schoeffel in 1885.

STANDS BY "DOODLE"

Sonneck Says Old Tune Holds Its Own.

Washington, Dec. 29.—Is Dixie more popular than Yankee Doodle? That is the question which apparently has divided the country into camps and brought about a controversy which promises to become second only to the recent great question or the day: "Who discovered the North Pole?"

The innocent assertion of Otto G. T. Sonneck, chief of the division of music of the library of congress, in a publication on American national songs, that Dixie was more prominent in patriotic popularity than Yankee Doodle, has stirred up a hornet's nest and even resulted in threats of death to Mr. Sonneck. His office in the congressional library has been swamped with letters from various parts of the country in which the writers take exception to the statement about Dixie.

Some of these letters threaten Mr. Sonneck with dire punishment. Because the letters have been so unpleasant to him and so numerous, Mr. Sonneck has requested the suppression of further mention in the newspapers of his work on American National Songs. Yankee Doodle's popularity, summed up in 1826, was:

"Yankee Doodle is the tune
American delight in,
'Twill do to whistle, sing or play,
And just the thing for fighting."

Speaking, in his work, of Yankee Doodle, Mr. Sonneck says: "For 150 years Yankee Doodle has appealed to our people and the tune shows no sign of passing into oblivion. Surely a tune of such vitality must have some redeeming features."

This remark is directed against those who have ridiculed the musical merits of Yankee Doodle or treated it with contempt. It frankly appeals to our sense of humor. Critics, pedantic or flippant, have overlooked the fact that every nation has its humorous, even burlesque, patriotic airs, and that these are just as natural and useful as solemn airs—indeed, more so, occasionally. As a specimen of burlesque, even 'slangy' musical humor, Yankee Doodle may safely hold its own against any other patriotic air."

Brazilian Navy's Dry Dock.

Popular Mechanics.

The Brazilian government has placed an order with an English shipbuilding firm for a floating dock, to be used in connection with the two big "dreadnoughts" now being built for her in that country. The dock is to be one of the largest, if not the largest, of its kind in the world, and will have a lifting capacity of 22,000 tons. It is to be constructed in 11 months, at a cost of $912,500.

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MORPHINE Before you pay a cent, we will cure whom you think Manine permanently cures any drug habit. Guaranteed not to contain Morphine, Laudanum, Opium or any other habit forming drug. No money required in advance, a full month's treatment sent to those afflicted without one cent of deposit. Manine has cured thousands, it will cure you. Give it a free trial. You are sole judge.
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CHINESE IN CAR LOTS

Many Arrests for Traffic on the Texas-Mexican Boarder.

El Paso, Tex., Jan. 4.—That there has been smuggling of Chinese along the Texas-Mexican border in wholesale lots has been known for many years. The government took steps a few months ago to put a stop to it and special agents of the department of commerce and labor were set at work to discover the manner in which it was done.

Arrests followed their investigations and they are continuing. It is believed that not half so much smuggling is now going on as formerly. It used to be a common occurrence for a vigilant inspector somewhere in the interior in the big railroad yards, at Fort Worth, Dallas, Dulhart or some place where the trains made long stops, to find box car after box car loaded with Chinese who had been smuggled over the border, in most cases at El Paso. The Chinese were hidden in the cars with plenty of provisions and water, and the cars were invariably sealed with the seals of the railroad and the immigration service. Some Chinese were found in Pullman and dining cars.

Arrests of railroad employes have been made in several cases, and at least five convictions have been secured. Duplicates of the car seals were recovered in several instances in which railroad men were arrested.

Killed to Silence Him.

Many surprises have been caused by the arrests that have taken place in Texas in connection with the smuggling of Chinese. Men of good business and social standing have been among the prisoners. One man is now a refugee in Mexico, according to court records, others are under bond and several are serving sentences in prison. One man is dead, and it is declared that Chinese smugglers secured his silence by killing him. There is a suspicion that two other men were murdered by smugglers.

The latest arrest is that of E. B. Holman, chief of Chinese inspectors for the government at Galveston. Several Chicago men were arrested in this city and extradited to Illinois for trial. One of their number confessed and all were convicted. In their preliminary hearing at El Paso it was alleged that they made it a regular business to operate with dining car crews of the Rock Island railroad and ship Chinese in the ice-box and linen closet.

One of the witnesses was a cook on one of the cars, and he swore that it was the custom to switch the Chinamen every once in a while from the ice-box to the linen closet to keep them from freezing. He declared that one day there was an immigration official aboard and it was impossible to switch the men, and that the Chinaman in the ice-box was frozen to death and his body was tossed off the train near Kansas City. The body of a Chinaman was found near the place named, and this fact was regarded as corroborative of the cook's story.

Another case was that of Ed M. Fink, former police chief of El Paso and former census inspector at El Paso. He was indicted by the federal grand jury on two charges of smuggling Chinamen, one at Boswell, New Mexico, and one at Las Cruces, New Mexico. Fink gave bond in the sum of $500 in one case and $2,000 in the other and then went to Mexico to buy mules. His case has been called twice in each court and opposite his name on the docket is written: "Bond forfeited." Fink was a prominent Red Man and several times held office in the state grand lodge of the order.

Stood High in Community.

Col. Lewis, another of the accused men, had stood high in his community for many years. He was a conductor on the Rock Island Southwestern railroad running out of El Paso toward St. Louis and Chicago, and was senior passenger conductor on the division. He is a Mason and a Shriner and at the recent session of the supreme lodge of the Scottish Rite Masons in Washington he was selected for special honors. He is a director in the El Paso Military Institute and an officer in the El Paso volunteer fire veterans, and he ran on the Republican ticket two years ago for the legislature.

He is charged with smuggling Chinamen in an indictment returned by the federal grand jury at its November term in El Paso. Col. Lewis was in charge of a train that was searched before it left El Paso one evening, that stopped at Fort Bliss just outside the city limits, and that was searched again a few miles up the road and found to contain smuggled Chinamen.

W. B. Green, another Shriner and 32d degree Mason, was indicted on the same charge and is now behind the prison bars at Santa Fe, New Mexico, serving a sentence of one year. He was formerly a trainmaster on the Union Pacific road in Wyoming, and prior to that was a conductor on the New York Central. Frank Sargeant commissioner of immigration, is said to have given him his place in the immigration service.

Serving first at Montreal and then coming to El Paso, Green was later transferred to Albuquerque, New Mexico, to search north-bound Santa Fe trains after they had left El Paso. Green and H. M. Maynard, a veteran conductor on the Santa Fe, were indicted at the same time. Both were convicted and are now serving their sentences in the same prison. Maynard's porter got off lightly by giving testimony for the government.

Charged With Perjury.

Oliver Carr, another railroad conductor, is under indictment on similar charges. He is also accused of perjury. Carr was tried at Alamagordo, N. M., on a charge of conspiracy to smuggle Chinese and was acquitted. He was tried again the first of this month on a charge of smuggling and the jury failed to agree. Following his trial he was arrested in El Paso on a charge of perjury.

Mar Chew, owner of two restaurants, wearer of diamonds, leader of one branch of the Chinese colony in El Paso, husband of an American woman, and divorced husband of another, is under indictment on a charge of conspiracy to smuggle Chinese. The indictment was found at Las Cruces, N. M., and so far Chew has been able to resist removal to the Territory of New Mexico for trial, and he still smokes his costly cigars and sports his immaculately tailored clothes on the streets of El Paso.

The most sensational feature of the entire smuggling situation was the death of Manen Clements, former constable in El Paso. He was killed at night in the Coney Island saloon, and Joe Brown, manager of the saloon, was indicted on a charge of being concerned in his death. For the defense witnesses testified that Clements had frequently said that "The next time we drive over a bunch of Chinks near the stock pens I will take that old gun of mine and get the first fellow who squeals," or words to that effect.

NOBODY WANTS THIS CHAP

London, Jan. 3.—A negro who claims American citizenship is an unwelcome guest of the Union Castle Steamship line at Southampton pending the outcome of diplomatic negotiations between the United States and Great Britain to determine the man's nationality.

The negro was deported from South Africa after he had been convicted of a crime. He returned to New York but was refused permission to land there, as he was unable to satisfy the authorities of his American citizenship. He was sent back to Southampton.

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SALVATION ARMIES AT WAR

Court Rules General Booth Is Entitled to Trial.

New York, Dec. 31.—The appellate division of the supreme court yesterday decided that General William Booth, organizer of the Salvation Army, is entitled to a trial of the action he has brought against the American Salvation Army, a rival organization, to prohibit it from continuing the use of this name or obtaining funds or credit upon the representation that they are the same society as the Salvation Army.

The original suit was brought by Booth in 1907 and a complete surrender demanded of the rival organization, even to stripping of the uniforms from the officers and their reduction to the rank of ordinary citizens.

Justice Ogorman dismissed the complaint and the temporary injunction and ordered Booth to pay the costs. From this decision the appeal was taken.

DIAZ PLAYS BOLD GAME

Ruler of Mexico Strives to Become Guiding Power in Central America.

Washington, Dec. 31.—A crisis in Central and South American affairs not contemplated by the United States government has grown out of the Nicaraguan war, but the importance of the situation was realized thoroughly at the state department yesterday, and Secretary Knox will consult with the President as to the best way of meeting it.

The new situation involves not only the rebellion of Mexico against the dominance of the United States as the guardian of all Americas, but also threatens the Monroe doctrine in the the European embassies and legations in Washington who sympathize with Mexico.

Senor Creel, former ambassador to Washington, was sent here as a special envoy in the Nicaraguan affair. In spite of the statement of the state department that it would hold Zelaya personally responsible for murder, Senor Creel succeeded in getting Zelaya out of Nicaragua into Mexico, from which country Zelaya is bidding defiance to the United States. Senor Creel called at the state department yesterday to say good-bye. This was done in an unofficial capacity, as he had not been recognized as an envoy, and Wednesday and yesterday Senor Creel issued statements saying that everything was peaceful between the United States and Mexico.

To Recognize Madriz.

The United States government learned yesterday that Mexico will insist that Madriz be recognized as president of Nicaragua. The United States will regard the recognition of Madriz by any other government as an act of international discourtesy. Mexico, however, expects that such recognition will be made and Senor Creel has, or says that he has, assurances that Mexico will be supported by Europe.

Mexico's stake is the dictatorship of policies toward Latin-American countries. When Mexico joined with the United States in signing the Central American peace treaty of 1907, Mexico took it for granted that she was an equal partner with the United States in the police duty. The ignoring of Diaz and Creel by Secretary of State Knox has brought the realization to Mexico that she must fight diplomatically for her prestige and in the fight she has Europe back of her, most of whose countries would like to see the Monroe doctrine shelved in the interest of commerce.

Jealous of Brazil.

Mexico has also learned that there are negotiations between the United States and Brazil looking to Brazil taking the place of Mexico in policing the Latin-American countries on behalf of the United States. Mexico bases its hopes on forcing a recognition of Madriz from the fact that he ranks high as a statesman, is a lawyer of ability, a fine orator, an accomplished linguist, a wealthy man, and for years a moving and effective spirit in the Latin countries.

There is a belief here that Mexico not only intends to formally recognize Madriz, but that it will endeavor to bring about a similar recognition from every Central and South American government.

EXPLOSION KILLS FIVE MEN

Reading, Pa., Dec. 29.—Five men were instantly killed early today by the explosion of a boiler at the new plant of the Metropolitan Electric company in West Reading. The dead are:

Clifford Martin, rigger, Toms River, N. J.

Elmer Dengler, fireman, Mt. Penn, a suburb of this city.

Martin Lynch, engineer, Phoenixville, Pa.

James Connelly, fireman, Reading.

Frank Cole, carpenter's helper, Reading.

The night watchman had just left the plant at 6:50 a. m. and the day force had arrived when the boiler exploded. All in the immediate vicinity met instant death.

Vigorous Manhood

Two "Health Belt Men"; One 50 Years Old, the Other 30. Can You Pick Out the Younger?

I can show you how to restore your youth and how to keep it. A "Health Belt Man" CANNOT grow old, he must be young forever. Years count for nothing in this life, so long as you have great vitality. Weakness, Nervousness, Unmanliness are conditions to be laughed at by the intelligent user of my great appliance, for it gives in abundance, all that vim, vigor and nerve force which the weakened system craves. Worn every night and all night for two or three months, it sends a great, warm glowing volume of electricity into your body through the nerve centres at small of back; from the first hour's use you experience a decided benefit; there is a great mysterious force which gets right to work. No drugs to be taken; no conditions imposed except that dissipation must cease. Help Nature that much, the Belt will do the rest. It takes the weakness and kink out of your back; it drives rheumatic pains away from all parts of the body; you will feel and look young and strong again; women and men, noticing your physical change, will be more attracted toward you on account of your new vitality and life; in two months you can experience the full vigor of perfect manhood. Charles L. Snell, of Middleport, N. Y., writes: "Your Health Belt cured me of Nervous Debility, Lost Vigor, Kidney and Bladder troubles after all else failed." This is but one testimonial among thousands which you may see if you care to.

Let Me Send You This Book FREE

It fully describes my Health Belt, and contains much valuable information. One part deals with various ailments common to both men and women, such as rheumatism, kidney, liver, stomach, bladder disorders, etc. The other part is a private treatise for men only. Both sent upon application, free, sealed, by mail.

If in or near this city, take the time to drop in at my office that you may see, examine and try the Belt. No charge for professional advice either at my office or by mail. If you cannot call, fill in the coupon and get the free book by return mail. It is better than a fortune for any one needing new vigor.

DR. T. B. SANDEN CO., 1151 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Dear Sirs—Please forward me your Book, as advertised, free.
NAME .....
ADDRESS .....

MARRIED IN A TAXICAB

Convalescent Patient Weds in Hospital Courtyard.

New York, Dec. 29.—C. H. Smith, a convalescent patient at Bellevue hospital, and Mrs. L. R. Rotzell were married in a taxicab in the courtyard of the hospital yesterday, while witnesses and the officiating clergyman were also crowded in and about the vehicle. Bridesmaids alone were missing.

The peculiar ceremony was made necessary when Smith collapsed in the cab after a trip to the city hall after a marriage license. Despite his weakened condition it was decided to perform the ceremony with bride and groom seated in the vehicle.

The honeymoon trip consisted of a journey from the hospital to his residence with his wife and nurse.

TOO STRONG ON HIS AMENS

Pastor Has Fervent Worshiper Held for Grand Jury.

Fairmont, W. Va., Dec. 29.—Because, it is alleged, he worked himself into a frenzy, that his fervent cries of "Amen" delivered often and at unseasonable times, came near breaking up several sessions of a revival meeting of the Methodist Episcopal church of Helena Run, this county, E. M. Snyder, a prominent farmer, was arrested and held in $300 bond to await the action of the next grand jury on a charge of disturbing religious worship last night.

Rev. G. L. Ingram, who gave the information to the justice of the peace, claims that his voice was drowned in the fervent ejaculations of Snyder who is a devout churchgoer.

Electric Railroads Big Money-Makers

I Am Building the Dan Patch Electric Railroad and Offer You This Opportunity to Make Money With Me in This Enterprise

M. W. SAVAGE, President

The First Electric Railroad to Tap the Wealth of the Great Northwest

Dan Patch Electric Railroad

Yes, the Dan Patch Electric Railroad, running from Minneapolis to Rochester, and back from Lakeville to St. Paul.

I am not merely "thinking" of building this Railroad; I am really building it now—grading on the first section is about completed and we have started grading on the last division from Owatonna to Rochester.

I am working to make this the best-constructed and biggest dividend-paying Electric Railroad in the country. High-class Electric Roads from New York to Spokane are great money-makers. I tell you all about it in my Big Book. This is the second time I have given the people a chance to share with me—my other enterprise paid 8 per cent in less than one year—the dividend checks were mailed out on June 1st.

Now is your chance to share with me in this enterprise—the greatest of them all. I will give you $1,000 in voting stock in addition to a small investment. I want to send you the estimated net-profit statement, showing how a $5,000 investment grows to $17,280.00. How a $1,000 investment grows to $3,456.00 in a single operating year. How a $500 investment grows to $1,728.00, and a $100 investment increases to $345.60 in a single operating year. This information is contained in my Big Book of Electric Railroad Facts. I want you to have it even though you never invest a dollar, and I am especially anxious for you to have my new Book, "Why Wall Street Rules With The People's Money."

Don't be backward about sending for these books. I want you to have them and they won't cost you a cent—they are free—some of these Wall Street secrets will open your eyes. I want you to see how the people's money works for Wall street. I want to show you how to make your money work for you and for no one else. Send for the two books now.

M. W. SAVAGE, President, Minneapolis, Minn.

I WILL GIVE YOU $1000 IN VOTING STOCK, FREE, IN ADDITION TO YOUR SMALL INVESTMENT.

I BELIEVE I can show you the best electric investment opportunity that ever came to your notice—I firmly believe it and I have backed up my belief by a $100,000 investment myself. I don't want you to say "yes" or "no" until you give me a chance to talk with you a little while.

If you've got some money that you want to place where it will bring you big returns, or if you want to invest a little each month out of your income, just pin your faith to me for a little while until I can lay before you an investment proposition that strikes me as a great, big money-maker for the people, and the indisputable facts bear me out in my judgment—I want you to have all the facts and then I believe you will want to put your money where it will work for you, and you only.

Now, the first thing to do is to send for my big 40-page "Book of Electric Railroad Facts," which I'll mail you free, and at the same time I also send you my other Book called, "Why Wall Street Rules With The People's Money." When you get these two books, which contain all the facts about the Dan Patch Electric Railroad and about me, personally, then I'm willing for you to sit in the quiet of your home and pass judgment on the whole proposition.

I just want you to have these two free books that will open your eyes about banks and Wall Street and investments in general; and when you get these two books I'll take my chances on whether you'll say, "Savage is wrong" or "Savage is right," and it won't interfere with our feelings or friendship if you never invest a dollar or never write me again. I offer you these two books free—I want to show you how you can make your money work and earn for you.

Now, just a minute, while I give you a few facts. Perhaps nine out of ten readers of this paper know me already, but to those who do not, I want to say that I've been doing a national and international business out of Minneapolis for the past 23 years.

My business is now the largest of its kind in the world—made so by the continued patronage of nearly three million thinking, progressive, hard-working farmers and stock-raisers.

These people are my friends and customers—many have already invested in my new enterprise—some from your own State and from every State in the Union and every Province in Canada.

I have built up a number of big enterprises here in the Northwest and now I'm building the biggest of them all. The

WHY WALL STREET RULES WITH THE PEOPLES MONEY

M. W. Savage, President Dan Patch Electric Railroad, Minneapolis, Minn.

Dear Mr. Savage:—I don't know whether I'll invest any money or not, but would like to have you send me your two Books—without any obligation on my part—"Book Of Electric Railroad Facts" and "Why Wall Street Rules With the People's Money."

Name .....
Post Office .....
State .....
Weekly Blade.

If interested I want you to send this coupon today—Do it NOW.

(From the Chicago Inter Ocean.)

All readers of The Toledo Blade who have sick friends, suffering from rheumatism or kidney trouble, will be interested:

FINDS NEW KIDNEY CURE

Dr. T. Frank Lynott, New York Specialist, Discovers Remarkable Remedy.

At last a perfectly harmless and positive cure appears to have been found. Dr. T. Frank Lynott, formerly of the New York University, New York, later of the famous Bellevue hospital and now a celebrated specialist in Chicago, has a very quick acting formula which has been approved by the best doctors.

The editor of The Toledo Blade saw the above clipping from the Inter Ocean and wanted to know of this new formula for curing kidney trouble.

Arrangements were then made by which Dr. Lynott offers Toledo Blade readers a **free treatment.** Dr. Lynott, however, says that he proposes to give the free treatment only for a limited time to convince the public in every part of the United States of the positive wonderful efficacy of his treatment.

Furthermore, Dr. Lynott wants to make it clear that he has no "cure-all." He is a specialist in kidney and bladder diseases and rheumatism, so please do not write to him unless you have one of these diseases. If you write at once, both the medical advice and the medicine are entirely free.

The editor of this paper, Toledo Blade, feels that with such a free offer, anybody who stays sick with kidney trouble or rheumatism deserves to be sick.

"I know that a good many free offers have been advertised where the public had to send money, **but this free offer really IS A FREE OFFER.** And remember that instead of getting an ordinary physician, you get the medical advice free direct from America's greatest of all specialists on these diseases. See free treatment certificate at bottom of this page and get relief **right now.**

Writing of Dr. T. Frank Lynott, who gives the medical advice free, a brother specialist writes as follows:

"I have for years been considered an authority on urinary diseases; but I must confess my respect, my profound sense of esteem, for Dr. Lynott, whose wonderful success in treating urinary diseases has surprised us all. Dr. Lynott, by the way, is making a most remarkable free offer—the most genuine and generous offer ever made by a high grade physician. It seems to me the medical world ought not to be jealous of his success, but should praise him for what he has done and is doing for humanity."

STOP

Stop that back breaking, twisting, terrible, terrible, unbearable agony! Oh, that awful, awful digging soreness—the back all bent, the joints stiff, the heart-wringing pain—**stop that pain RIGHT NOW!**

Yes, Write For the Free Treatment

a **REAL Free Proof Treatment** that will give you relief—relief at once—not next week, not tomorrow, but relief AT ONCE—**immediately** after starting the treatment. It is so **simple,** so mild, yet so scientific and so **sure**—this treatment for rheumatism, kidney and bladder trouble. Write now, today.

See the Free Treatment Certificate below—sign it and send it today. **No money—no obligation. At last** you can get relief, and, if you write at once, you get the treatment absolutely free. Just think—a genuine **free** treatment by America's and Europe's **leading** specialist—absolutely free—really and genuinely free **to convince the public.**

If you have Kidney or Bladder Trouble or Rheumatism (the cause of those pains), then **it's your loss** if you suffer any longer. When Dr. Lynott says free, he means free—not one cent to pay; and it is "up to you" whether you want the best medical advice and medicine all without a cent of cost. Don't miss this wonderfully liberal offer. See the Free Trial Certificate at the bottom of this page.

Dr. T. Frank Lynott

whose photo is printed here, is, as you perhaps know, a great authority on kidney and bladder trouble and rheumatism. Rarely before has a physician of such high standing offered to treat patients by mail. But Dr. Lynott **wants** the people to get the benefit of this free treatment.

His cures have extended over America and Europe. In fact, Dr. Lynott received a special diploma on urinary diseases from the great New York University—of which the famous Bellevue Hospital, New York, is now an honored part.

JUST

Your Name and Address and the Symptoms

of your disease given by number. That is all Dr. Lynott wants. Read the free **certificate;** read how it puts you under **no obligations** whatever, how it says specially and distinctly that you are not under any obligations whatever.

SEND NO MONEY—Just Write for the Free Treatment

REMEMBER:—This free treatment offer is **limited.** Only a certain number can be taken under Dr. Lynott's personal care. If you answer this offer the first time you see it you are **guaranteed** the **free** treatment. So better send the free treatment certificate today, at once; and remember, you need **instant, immediate** relief from those awful pains.

DR. T. FRANK LYNOTT, 2893 Occidental Bldg., CHICAGO

If you have a friend suffering with kidney or bladder trouble or other uric acid disease such as rheumatism, don't you feel that you owe it to your friend to tell him or her of this free offer?

WATCH these symptoms!

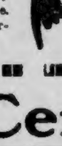
Trouble in the kidneys begins slowly, slowly. It creeps upon the unsuspecting patient like a thief in the night. Slowly, slowly, those stinging, racking pains foist themselves upon the sufferer; gradually, gradually the pains increase into a daily, nightly, constant, endless torture. Watch the symptoms, and cure yourself. Here are the principal symptoms of the uric acid disease:

The Symptoms

1—Pain in the back.
2—Too frequent desire to urinate.
3—Burning or obstruction of urine.
4—Pain or soreness in the bladder.
5—Prostatic Trouble.
6—Gas or pain in the stomach.
7—General debility, weakness, dizziness.
8—Constipation or liver trouble.
9—Pain or soreness under right ribs.
10—Swelling in any part of the body.
11—Palpitation or pain around the heart.
12—Pain in the hip joint.
13—Pain in the neck or head.
14—Pain or soreness in the kidneys.
15—Pain or swelling of the joints.
16—Pain and swelling of the muscles.
17—Pain and soreness in nerves.
18—Acute or chronic rheumatism.

NOW, THEN, This Certificate Is FREE

You get the treatment, the medicine and Dr. Lynott's personal attention absolutely free, if you write at once. **Instant Relief** for those terrorizing pains!



Send no money—read the certificate, note that it puts you under no obligation. Dr. Lynott **is glad** to see a sufferer cured—write at once and get the free treatment.

LOOK at these poor sufferers all bent with nerve-racking pain—they are victims of kidney trouble; they think it is a rheumatic twitch. Friends say they grumble, but considering their awful pain, they bear up most bravely.

Oh, it is terrible that there should be such suffering, when you can be relieved so quickly, so surely, so simply, and **right now, free of charge.**

Free Certificate

What is Your Name?.....
State plainly, Mr., Mrs. or Miss.

Your Address?.....

What Symptoms Have You?.....
Give numbers from table above—that is all.

What is Your Age?.....Married?.....

Just fill out the above—nothing to sign, you see. Just answer the questions and be sure to give your name and address. You are under no obligations whatever. The **FREE** Proof treatment will then be sent **at once, prepaid.** Cut out this certificate (or write a letter describing your symptoms) and **get INSTANT relief from those racking, rocking pains.** Address personally

Dr. T. FRANK LYNOTT
2893 Occidental Bldg. CHICAGO, ILL.

ZELAYA FREE TO RETURN

Mexicans Will Not Keep Him Away From Nicaragua.

Mexico City, Dec. 30.—"Mr. Knox is not my judge. I am answerable only to my government for my actions," said Jose Santos Zelaya, formerly president of Nicaragua, following his arrival from Salina Cruz.

Asked what attitude he would assume should Secretary Knox seek to have him extradited from Mexico, Zelaya refused to discuss the probability of such a situation, but intimated that Secretary Knox would not have the right to request his presence in the United States.

Zelaya declares he is "titular president" of Nicaragua. He asserted that he had two years more to serve, but would not be actively at the head of his government. He did not come to Mexico in any official capacity, but as a private citizen and as such was received.

That Zelaya is at liberty to return to Nicaragua when he pleases was the information given out at the foreign office today. Sub-Secretary of Foreign Affairs Gamboa declared that it was only tacitly agreed that Zelaya was to remain out of Nicaragua, but that so far as Mexico was concerned no attempt would be made to control his movements.

Puts Blame on Knox.

"I have no feeling against the American people at large, nor the government," he said. "Secretary Knox has been systematically misinformed and public opinion in the United States has been prejudiced against me, but the facts must become known in time and it is to time that I must trust for my vindication.

"My relations with the preceding American government were exceedingly friendly. The present situation contains many unfortunate conditions, both for our own people in Central America and the Americans. Secretary Root had the complete confidence of Central America and his policies were drawing the people closer together, politically and commercially. I am afraid that the attitude of Secretary Knox is undoing all that work throughout Latin America."

Zelaya said also that he never signed an order for the execution of Cannon and Groce, but added that it was true he refused to interfere with the carrying out of the sentence of the court-martial.

Says They Were Spies.

"These men were contracted for in Gautemala to assist the revolutionists," he said. "Cannon had only recently been set at liberty in Honduras upon his promise, made before the secretary of the American legation in Teguelgalpa and the American consul, to leave Central America forever. Both officers acted as his sponsors. The men were engaged at the time of their capture in charting the country and laying mines in the rivers for the destruction of the troopships of the government. They also acted as spies. They were tried by court-martial according to law and found guilty. I approved the findings absolutely in the interests of military discipline.

"The stories of torture are absurd. The men were not even held incommunicado, as is customary, but were allowed to use telephone and telegraph lines to communicate with their friends. I have in my possession statements from both men in which they not only admitted their guilt completely, but asked for pardons and offered to take commissions with the government forces."

THINKS CANADA WILL BE FREE

Toronto Professor Says Separation Will Be Peaceful.

New York, Dec. 30.—Ambassador Bryce sat on the platform yesterday in the meeting of the Historical Economic society and heard Professor G. M. Wrong, of the University of Toronto, declare that Canada, to all intents and purposes, was a free country and could break her ties with the mother country without a struggle, with the people of Canada hardly knowing a change had been taking place.

"The British ambasador at Washington," said Professor Wrong, "has a more difficult task, in some respects, than any other diplomat here—he serves two nations, not merely one. In theory, the king still rules; in fact, he has no political power and the prime minister rules. In theory, Canada is a colony; in fact, she is an independent nation."

The speaker said mutual interests bound Great Britain and her thriving colony together.

"Great Britain, in the face of dangers in Europe, needs the support of Canada's growing population and resources," said Professor Wrong, "while Canada needs Great Britain for the immense capital which she supplies."

NEW FLEET FORMED

Force in Far East Is Made Separate.

Washington, Dec. 31.—On account of the growing importance of American intrests in the far east and the difficulty of administer the whole fleet, as now constituted the navy department has decided to divide the Pacific fleet into two separate fleets to be known as the Asiatic fleet and the Pacific fleet.

In January, 1907, the old Asiatic fleet was merged into the Pacific fleet and made the third squadron thereof. The action of the department today restores the old order of assignments. The object of the merging of the two fleets was to concentrate in one command, under one admiral on each coast, all the ships in the Atlantic and in the Pacific oceans. Great difficulty in the management of the fleet has been experienced, as the ports to be visited are so far apart.

The commander-in-chief of the new Asiatic fleet will be Rear Admiral John Hubbard, who will relieve Rear Admiral G. B. Harber, in a few days, at Yokohama. Rear Admiral Harber will relieve, some time in February, Rear Admiral U. Sebree as commander-in-chief of the Pacific fleet.

The new Pacific fleet will consist of the Tennessee, Washington, California, South Dakota, West Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania and Colorado. The Milwaukee and the St. Louis, now at the Bremerton navy yard, Washington, will join the new Pacific fleet as soon as their repairs are completed.

The smaller vessels on duty in Central American waters will not be considered as attached to either fleet except when specially so ordered. Their movements ordinarily will be controlled by the department direct. The torpedo vessels on the Pacific coast will not be attached to either fleet, except when specially ordered.

The new Asiatic fleet will consist of the Charleston, Galveston, Cleveland, Denver, Chattanooga, Helena, Wilmington, Callao, Samar, Villalobas, Arayat, Paragua, Mindora and the Monterey. An Asiatic torpedo fleet is constituted under a torpedo fleet commander, composed of the torpedo vessels and submarines now in Asiatic waters.

MAJESTIES GREET TAFT

European Rulers Swap Compliments With President.

Washington, Jan. 3.—The President has received New-Year's greetings from the emperor of Germany, the king of Italy and the King of Belgium.

Emperor William's telegram read: "My very best wishes for a happy new year to you and to the American people," to which President Taft replied as follows:

"Your majesty's message of good will is much appreciated and cordially reciprocated. In the name of the American people and my own, I wish you and the German people all the health and prosperity the coming year."

Victor Emmanuel, the Italian king, telegraphed as follows: "Please accept my heartfelt wishes of a happy new year for you and your country."

President Taft replied as follows: "I beg to thank your majesty for your cordial telegram on the occasion of the new year, and at the same time to express to you my best wishes for a happy new year for your majesty and the Italian people."

The message from the new king of Belgium was as follows: "Permit me, Mr. President, to offer to you the expression of the wishes I make for your happiness and the prosperity of the United States. Albert."

To this message the President replied: "I cordially appreciate your kindly sentiments and with you and for the country and people over whom you are called to rule, all happiness and prosperity in the coming year."

WANTS PUBLIC WASHTUB

New Hoboken Mayor Urges a Free Laundry.

New York, Jan. 4.—A free public laundry is one of the improvements urged by George Gonzales, the new mayor of Hoboken, in his annual message to the city fathers.

"I am satisfied," he said, "that nothing the city could do would prove of more benefit to the health and comfort of those who live in the tenement section."

LEAVE THEIR PRISON CELL

Three Supreme Court Convicts Are Released.

Washington, Jan. 4.—Having served the terms of sentence imposed upon them by the supreme court of the United States, Jeremiah Gibson, Henry Padgett and William Mayse, of Chattanooga, Tenn., were released from the United States jail here this morning. For the offense of contempt of court in failing to prevent the lynching at Chattanooga of Ed Johnston, a negro, under sentence of death, whose execution had been stayed by the United States supreme court, that court, on November 15, sentenced the men to 60 days in prison. This time was shortened by 10 days for good behavior.

Former Sheriff Shipp and his two comrades who are still in prison will be released on January 28.

THE MARKETS

Toledo Grain Market.

Toledo, O., Jan. 4.—Sensational cables from Argentina, estimating the exportable surplus as low as 80,000,000 bushels compared with 96,000,000 so far this year contributed the main source of strength to the market at the outset. Toledo cash opened ¾c higher at $1.26, May the same amount advanced at $1.28¾ and July ¾c up at $1.06¼. During the initial half hour, the market was steady in cash and ½c higher in the futures. Liverpool responded to light American offerings, and the Argentine situation by opening sharply higher. Altogether, the feeling in the European markets appeared decidedly favorable to buying interests. A new feature appears to be gaining ground in the general belief that prices in certain commodities may fall of sheer weight, regardless of anything but extraordinary conditions. In Chicago, many conservative traders are talking reaction in provisions because of war time prices and high cost of living talk.

Local cars were seven today, of which five were contract. Continued bullish reports from Argentina kept the market strong and caused prices to advance above the previous close. Toledo cash closed 1½c up at $1.28¾, May ½c higher at $1.29¼, and July ½c advanced at $1.06⅝. Liverpool closed 1¼d to 1⅝d higher. Almost without exception European countries report crops in good condition.

Although weather was colder, corn opened firm and higher, being influenced somewhat by wheat. December opened ½c advanced at 68½c and July ¾c up at 68¾c. The market was firm up till midday on good support.

Receipts were 25 cars, of which 11 cars were 4 yellow. Closing prices: Cash, 65¼c, May 68¾c; July, 68¾c.

Oats was steady to a shade higher. May opening unchanged at 48½c and July ¼c higher at 46⅝c. Demand was good and offerings not heavy.

Final cash prices: Cash, 47¾; May, 49c; July 47½c.

Clover seed values were not changed at all from yesterday's close, with the exception of October, which opened 5c higher at $7.05, cash started at $9.15, February at $9.20, March at $9.25 and April at $9.15. Dullness prevailed early in the session.

Receipts were 100 bags, against 600 a year ago. Shipments were 110 bags, compared with 470 a year ago. Clover seed prices at the close were off 5c all around.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close Dec. 4.	Dec. 3.
Wheat—					
Cash	1.26	....	1.25¾	1.26¼	1.25¼
May	1.28¾	....	1.28¾	1.29¼	1.28
July	1.06¼	....	....	1.06⅝	1.05½
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	65¼	64½
May	68½	....@68⅝		68⅝	68¾
July	68½	....	....	68¾	68½
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	47¾	47
May	48½	....	....	49	48½
July	46⅝	....	....	47½	46½
Clover Seed—					
Cash	9.15	....	....	9.10	9.15
Feb	9.20	....	....	9.15	9.20
March	9.25	....	....	9.20	9.25
April	9.15	....	....	9.10	9.15
Oct	7.05	....	....	7.15	7.00
Old prime	....	....	....	9.00	....
Rye—					
No. 2	....	....	....	80	78
No. 3	....	....	....	76	74
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	1.85	1.85
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	8.00	8.00
March	....	....	....	8.15	8.15

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
May	1.13⅝	1.14½	1.13⅝	1.14½	1.13¼
July	1.03	1.03⅝	....	1.03⅝	1.02¾
Sept	99¼	99¾	....	99⅝	98⅝
Corn—					
May	66⅝	67⅝	....	67¼	66⅝
July	67	67	....	67⅝	66⅞
Sept	67⅝	....	67	67¼	66⅞
Oats—					
May	46	46⅝	45⅞	46½	45⅝
July	45¾	....	....	44½	45⅝
Sept	40⅝	....	....	41⅝	40⅝

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
May	1.20⅝	....	1.20⅝	1.21⅝	1.20¼

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
May	1.12⅞	....	....	1.14⅝	1.13⅜
July	1.02	....	....	1.02⅝	1.01⅝

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	1.14½	1.12⅝
July	....	....	....	1.13½	....

DULUTH.

Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	1.14½	1.13
July	....	....	....	1.14¼	1.13⅜

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
Jan.	21.40	21.85	....	21.82	21.45
May	21.80	....	....	22.07	21.77
July	....	....	....	22.15	21.87
Lard—					
Jan.	12.40	....	12.37	12.57	12.25
May	11.97	....	11.92	12.10	11.92
July	11.87	....	....	12.05	11.87
Ribs—					
Jan.	11.47	....	....	11.57	11.40
May	11.45	11.60	11.42	11.57	11.40
July	11.45	11.60	....	11.57	11.42

Toledo Live Stock.

Toledo Union Stock Yards, Jan. 4.—Hog receipts were liberal and the market was steady at yesterday's quotations. The clearance and the demand were good. Peckers led the buying. Other live stock ruled steady.

Toledo closing quotations:

Hogs—Selected heavies, $8.60@8.65; good mediums, $8.60@8.65; heavy Yorkers, $8.50@8.55; light Yorkers, $8.50@8.55; good mixed, $8.55@8.60; good pigs, $8.50@8.55; bulk of sales, $8.55@8.60; stags and roughs, $7.00@8.00.

Cattle—Best steers, 1,250 lbs. up, $6.00@7.00; fat steers, 1,050 to 1,150 lbs., $5.25@5.75; fair to good, $4.75@5.75; extra heifers, $4.50@5.25; fair to good, $4.00@4.50; light, $3.25@4.25; fat cows, $4.00@4.25; good butcher cows, $3.50@4.00; canners, $2.00@3.00; milkers and springers, $25@50; best butcher bulls, $4.00@4.25; common bulls, $3.00@3.50; feeding steers, 800 to 900 lbs., $4.00@5.00; stockers, $3.00@4.00.

Sheep and Lambs—Prime, wethers, $4.50@5.30; good to choice mixed, $4.00@4.50; fair to good, $2.50@4.00; culls and common, $2.00@3.00; yearlings, $5.00@5.50; lambs, $6.50@6.75; lambs, top, $6.90.

Calves—Veals, choice to extra, $9.00@9.50; fair to good, $8.50@9.00; common to light, $8.00@8.50; heavy and pail-fed, $4.00@6.00.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, Jan. 4.—Cattle, receipts estimated at 9,000; market weak to 10c lower; beeves $4.15@7.85; Texas steers $4.00@5.00; western steers $4.00@6.20; stockers and feeders $3.00@5.00; cows and heifers $2.10@5.50; calves $7.25@9.50. Hogs, receipts estimated at 25,000; market steady; light $8.10@8.55; mixed $8.20@8.60; heavy $8.30@8.65; rough $8.30@8.40; good to choice heavy $8.40@8.65; pigs $7.30@8.35; bulk of sales $8.40@8.60. Sheep, receipts estimated at 15,000; market steady; native $3.75@5.00; western $3.75@5.00; yearlings $5.50@6.30; lambs, native, $6.00@8.75; western $6.00@8.75.

East Buffalo Live Stock.

East Buffalo, N. Y., Jan. 4.—(By Swope, Hughes, Waltz & Benstead)—Cattle, 12 cars, slow. Hogs 20 cars, strong; heavy $8.80@8.85; yorkers and pigs $8.70@8.75. Sheep two cars, steady; best lambs three cars, $8.65@8.75; yearlings $7.00@7.60; wethers $5.50@5.75; ewes $5.00@5.25. Calves $5.00@10.75.

Cleveland Live Stock.

Cleveland, Jan. 4.—(By Bower ⅞ Bower)—Hogs active and steady; all grades $8.60. Lambs $8.50. Calves $10.25.

Pittsburg Live Stock.

Pittsburg, Pa., Jan. 4.—(By Live Stock Journal)—Cattle, receipts light; market steady; hogs 1,500; 10c to 15c higher; mixed $8.80@8.85; medium $8.80; yorkers $8.50@8.80; lights $8.65@8.70; pigs $8.60@8.65. Sheep steady; $5.75 down; lambs 10c lower; top $8.50. Calves firm, $10.50.

Money and Stocks.

New York, Jan. 4.—(Wall Street)—The opening stock market today showed evidence of continued pressure to liquidate and there were some feverish fluctuations in prices. Running sales of 7,000 shares of United States Steel were made at 88¾ and 88⅝ compared with 89¼ last night and 3,000 shares of Amalgamated Copper sold at 89¼ and 89⅛ compared with 90⅝ last night. One hundred shares of Rock Island sold at 54⅝ followed by 800 shares at 54¾ compared with 55¾ last night. Union Pacific, National Railways of Mexico first preferred and Railway Steel Spring declined 1 and Southern Pacific and Reading large fractions. Rock Island preferred rose 1 and International Harvester 2.

When Southern Pacific was bid up a point the list stiffened for a time, but later went to a lower level than before. St. Louis Southwestern rose two points, Minneapolis, St. Paul & Sault Ste. Marie 1½; Amalgamated Copper and American Smelting 1¼, United States Steel and Great Northern Ore certificates 1½, and Pennsylvania, New York Central, Reading, Chicago, Great Western, Tennessee Copper, General Electric and Pittsburg Coal 1. International Harvester preferred rose ⅝.

Southern Pacific was pushed across 127, making its gain 2 points. The general market rallied with this stock in a moderate way, and there was a complete recovery of the morning losses. Call money worked down to 6½ per cent. International Harvester got up 6 points and Pacific Mail 1.

Prices made further recessions until the liquidation had spent its force. Good recoveries followed but brought the trading to a standstill. Southern Pacific recovered to the best. Lacleda Gas rose 1 and Reading and some others retrieved the declines. New York Central declined 1½, United States Steel preferred 1¾, and some others a point or more. Bonds were irregular.

New York Stocks.

New York, Jan. 4, 1909.

Stocks.	Open.	High.	Low.	2:30 p. m.
Am. Loco. com	61½	61½	60½	61
Am. Sg. Rfg. Co.	121¼	121¾	121¼	121¾
Atchison	122	123	121½	123¾
Am. Car & F. Co.	72	72	71¾	71¾
Anaconda	62¼	62¾	61⅝	62⅜
Amal. Copper	89¼	89⅞	88¾	89¼
Am. Smelters	102¾	103¼	102¾	102¾
Am. Woolen Co	37	37	35⅝	35¾
Am. Tobacco pfd	94⅝	94⅝	94½	94½
Am. Ice Sec.	26½	26⅝	25⅝	25⅝
Balt. & Ohio	117	117	116¼	116¼
B'lyn R. Trans	79¼	79¾	79¼	79½
Chicago & G. W.	36	36	35¾	35¾
Canadian Pac	181	181¼	181	181¼
Clover Leaf	84½	84¾	83½	84¾
Clover Leaf pfd	71	72¼	71	72¼
Colorado Fuel	48¾	49⅝	48¾	49½
Ches. & Ohio	90¼	90⅞	89¼	90⅞
Consolidated Gas	157½	159⅝	157½	159¼
Del. & Hudson	183½	184	183½	184
Distillers Sec	36½	36¼	36	36⅛
Erie com	33¾	33⅝	33¾	33⅝
Erie 1st pfd	51	51	50⅝	50⅝
Gt. Northern pfd	143¼	143½	142¾	142⅝
Ill. Central	146	146	146	146
Int. Paper	15½	15½	15¼	15⅓
Interborough com	23¾	24	23¾	24
Interborough pfd	60¼	60¼	60	60¼
K. C. So., com	43⅜	43¾	43⅜	43¼
Louis. & Nash	157	157⅝	157	157⅝
Merc. Marine pfd	24	24	24	24
Missouri Pacific	70¼	70¼	69¾	70¼
M., K. & T., com	49	49⅝	48⅞	49⅜
North. Pacific	144¼	144¾	143¾	144
National Lead	89	89¼	88¼	89
N. Y. Air Brake	93	95	94	94
Northwestern	181	180	181	180
North Am. Co.	82⅝	83¼	82⅝	83¼
N. Y. Central	123⅜	124	122½	124
Nickel Plate com	64	65¼	64	65¼
Ont. & W., com	46½	46⅝	46	46⅛
Ont. & Western	48⅝	48⅝	48⅜	48⅝
Pr. Steel Car com	51	51	51	51
Penn Ry.	135⅞	136¼	135¼	136¼
Pacific Mail	42¾	43¼	42¾	42¾
People's Gas Co.	115¼	115⅝	114⅜	115⅝
Reading com.	168¾	169⅝	168	169¾
Rock Island	54⅜	55¼	54⅛	55
Rock Island pfd	89⅝	90	89½	89½
Rep. I. & S. Co.	45	45	44⅝	44⅝
Ry. Steel Springs	51	51	50¼	50⅝
South. Ry.	32¾	33	32⅝	33
South. Ry. pfd	73¾	74	73½	74
St. Paul	156¾	157¼	156¼	157
South. Pacific	136	137⅜	134⅝	137¼
Tol. Rys. & Lt.	12½	12⅞	11⅞	12⅞
Third Ave.	18	19¼	18	19¼
Texas Pacific	35½	36⅜	35¼	35⅝
Tenn. Copper	39¾	39¾	39¼	39⅞
Union Pacific	201½	203⅝	201¼	203⅝
Un. Pac. Con. 4s	115⅜	116	115¼	116¼
U. S. Steel	88⅝	89¼	87¾	88⅞
U. S. Steel pfd	124¾	124⅝	123½	124
U. S. Steel 5s	105¼	105¼	105¼	105¼
Utah Copper	59⅝	60	59¼	60
Virginia Chem.	54	54	53¾	54
Wabash com.	25¾	26¼	25¾	26¼
Wabash pfd.	59½	59⅝	59	59⅝

Toledo Produce Market.

Butter—Fancy Elgin creamery, 1-lb. prints, 37@38c; solid pack, 37c; packing stock, 22@23c.
Process Butter—Per lb., tub, 29@30c; dairy butter, 29@30c.
Butterine—16@22c.
Eggs—Fresh country, 35c; candled, 36c; storage, 27@28c.
Cheese—Choice Michigan, 16½@17c; New York State, 17@18c; brick, 18c; limburger, 17c.
Peanut butter, lb., 10@14c.
Onions—Spanish, crate, $1.40@1.50; home grown, yellow globe, 65@70c.
Celery—Michigan, bunch, 25@40c; California, dozen, $1.00.
Lettuce—10c; head lettuce, Boston, dozen, 85c@$1.00; Florida, half barrel hamper, $2.50.
Tomatoes—Florida, 6 basket crate, $4.00.
Spinach—Bl., $2.50.
Potatoes—55@60c.
Sweet Potatoes—Bbl., Jersey, $3.50; Illinois, $2.75@3.00.
Beans—Hand-picked navy beans, bu., $2.65@2.75; red kidney, bu., $1.75@2.00.
Cabbage—Home grown, lb., 1½c; ton, $35.
Squash—Hubbard, lb., 1½c.
Cucumbers—Hot house, doz., $1.40.
Cranberries—Cape Cod and Early Black, $6.23@6.75 Howes, $7.00@7.25; Oak Bog, $6.50; bu. $2.25.
Beets—40c.
Parsnips—Bbl., $1.40.
Carrots—35@40c.
Radishes—25c doz.; parsley, 15c doz. bunches; new turnips, 35c.
Bananas—Bunch, $1.25@1.50.
Apples—Baldwins, $3.00@4.00; Kings, $4.00@4.50; Spies, $3.00@4.00; Wagner, $4.00; Greenings, $3.00@3.50; Pacific northwest, box, $1.50@4.00.
Malaga Grapes—$4.50@6.50.
Lemons—Messina, $5.00; California, $5.50.
Limes—Box of 100, $1.00@1.50.
Oranges—Florida, $2.50@2.75; Navels, prime high colored, $2.85@3.75.
Grape Fruit—Case, $3.00@4.80; tangerines, strap, $4.50.
Kumquats, qt., 18c.
Figs—11@12½c. Persian dates, in packages, 20-lb. box, $2.25@2.35. Fard, lb., 9c.
Maple Syrup—Gallon, $1.00.
Honey—Strained, 2 doz. cases, $1.75; fancy new comb, lb., 18@19c.
Horseradish—Bbl., $5.50.
Cider—Gallon, 16@17c.
Maple Sugar—3-lb. bricks, 25c.
Popcorn—Old, lb., 5c.
Hickory nuts, bu., $1.50@2.00; almonds, 16c; cocoanuts, doz., 60c; filberts, 12½c; English walnuts, 15@18c; Brazil nuts, 10c; black walnuts, 75c; butternuts, bu., $1.00@1.50.
Mushroom, 4-lb. basket, $1.50@2.00.
Rabbits—Doz., $1.50@2.00.
Dressed fowl, 12@14c; ducks, 15@16c; geese 14@15c; turkeys, 22@25c.
Poultry—Alive, hens, 12½@14c; ducks, 14@16c; turkeys, 20@22c; spring chickens, 12½@14c; geese, 10@12c.
Dressed Hogs—Light, 10¾@11¼c; heavy and rough, 10c; calves, prime, 11c; fair, 9@10c; yearling sheep, 9@10c.
Spring Lambs—Pelts off, 11@12c.
Sheep—6@8c.
Cow Beef—5@7c.
Steers—8@10c.
Heifers—7@9c.

New York Produce.

New York, Jan. 4.—Flour firm with demand slow. Spring patents $5.40@5.75; winter straights $5.20@5.40. Receipts 46,949. Rye firm; No. 2 western 86¼c f. o. b. New York nominal. Wheat—There was a strong market in wheat early today on the bullish cables, firm cash markets and active commission house buying. A new high record for the season was established, May $1.20¾@1.21¼; July $1.11⅝@1.11¾. Receipts 55,900. Corn—Receipts 127,125. Beef steady. Pork steady; short clear $25.00@27.00. Lard steady; middle west $12.55@12.75. Raw sugar quiet; Muscovado 89 test 3.82c; centrifugal 96 test 4.02c. Molasses sugar 89 test 3.27c. Refined steady; crushed 5.65c; granulated 5.45c; powdered 5.05c. Petroleum steady; refined all grades 8.05c. Coffee spot steady; No. 7 Rio, 8 11-16c; No. 4 Santos 9c. Molasses steady; New Orleans open kettle 32@42c. Butter easier; receipts 9,170. Creamery special extras 34c; extra third to first 29@33c. Cheese firm; unchanged; receipts 910. Eggs stronger; receipts 5,321; state, Pennsylvania and nearby henneries, white, fancy, 40@50c; do. extra, fair to good 36@42c; do. hennery brown and mixed, fancy 40@42c; do. gathered brown fair to prime 35@40c; western extra first 36@37c; first 34@35c; seconds 20@33c; refrigerator 24@27c.

Cleveland Produce.

Special Telegram to The Blade.

Cleveland, Jan. 4.—Butter—Creamery extras 38@38½c; firsts 34½@35c; seconds 33@34c; prints 39@39½c; process extras 30@31c; firsts 29@29½c; choice dairy 26@26c; packing stock 22@24c; butterine extra 21c; firsts 18@19c; standard 15c; common 11@13c.

Cheese—York state cream, fancy 18¼@19c; Ohio creams 18@18½c; Swiss No. 1 19@20c; No. 2, 15@16c; bricks 18@20c; limburger 18@19c. Eggs—Current receipts 35c; refrigerator extra 28c; firsts 26c.

Poultry—Fowls, light 13c; heavy 13¾@14c. Spring chickens 14@14½c; geese, heavy 11c; light 14c; dressed 1@2c higher than alive.

Chicago Produce.

Chicago, Jan. 4.—Butter easy; creameries 26@34c; dairies 25@30c. Eggs firm; 4,38 cases at mark, cases included 24½@25½c for firsts 33c; prime firsts 34c. Cheese steady; daisies 16¾@17c; twins 16¼@16½c; young Americas, 16¾c; long horns 16½c. Poultry steady; turkeys 17c; chickens 14c; springs 14½c. Veal steady; 50 to 60 lbs. wts., 13@15c; 60 to 85 lb. wts., 9@10c; 85 to 110 lb. wts., 10@11c.

Cotton.

New York, Jan. 4.—The cotton market opened steady at a decline of 11@14 points, and sold off to 6 net loss of 17 points on the active months, owing to weak Liverpool cables and rumors that leading spot interests were heavy sellers, supplying the demand from speculative buyers. Liquidation was very heavy at the start and other orders were uncovered on the way down. The market became steady on support from southern buying, with prices recovering 10 or 12 points early in the loss.

The market was less active late in the forenoon, but continued very nervous and irregular. May contracts which had rallied from 16.06 to 16.20 eased off to 16.15 toward midday, when the general list showed a net decline of 17@18 points, under continued liquidation, spot houses selling and